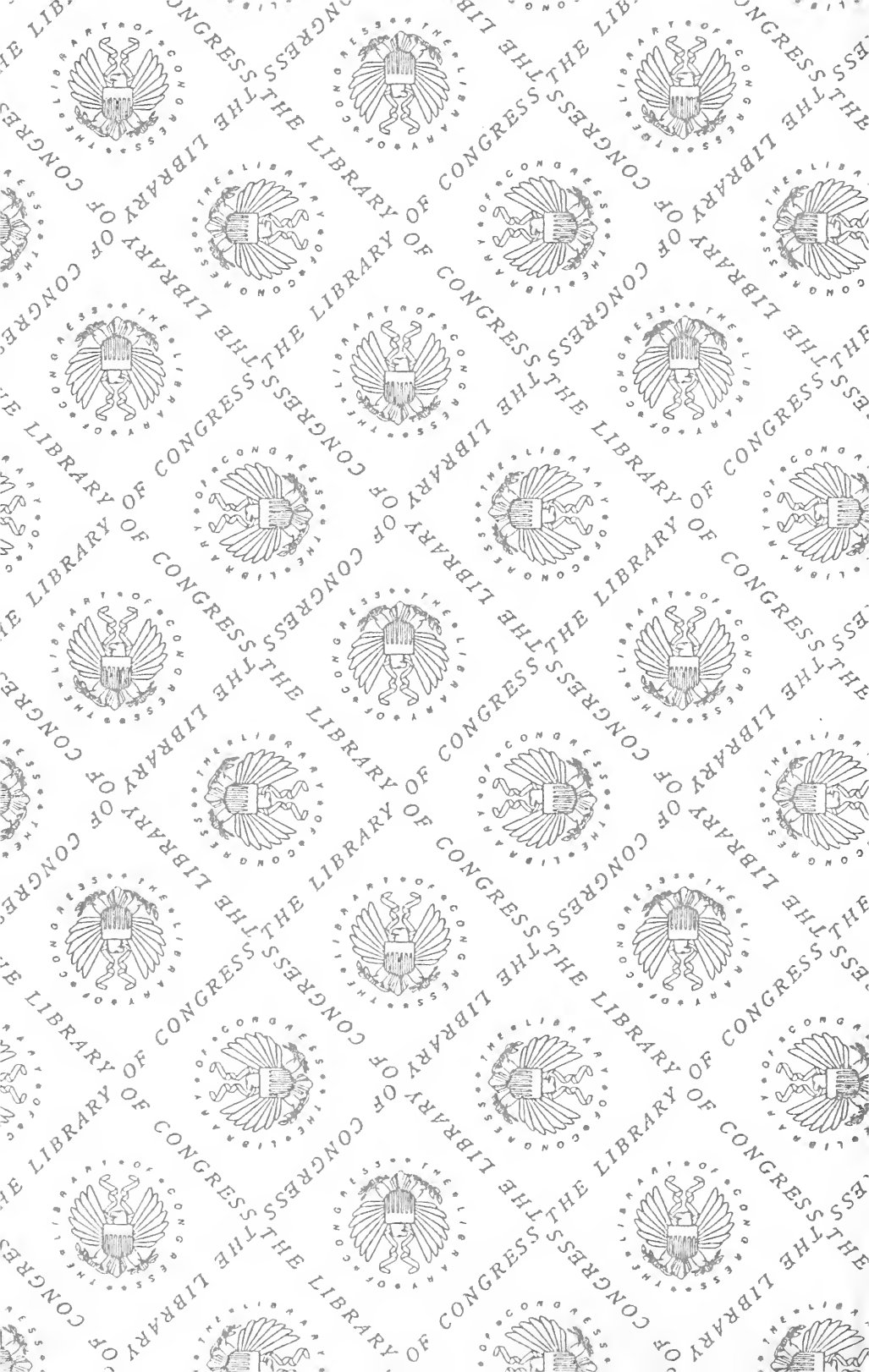
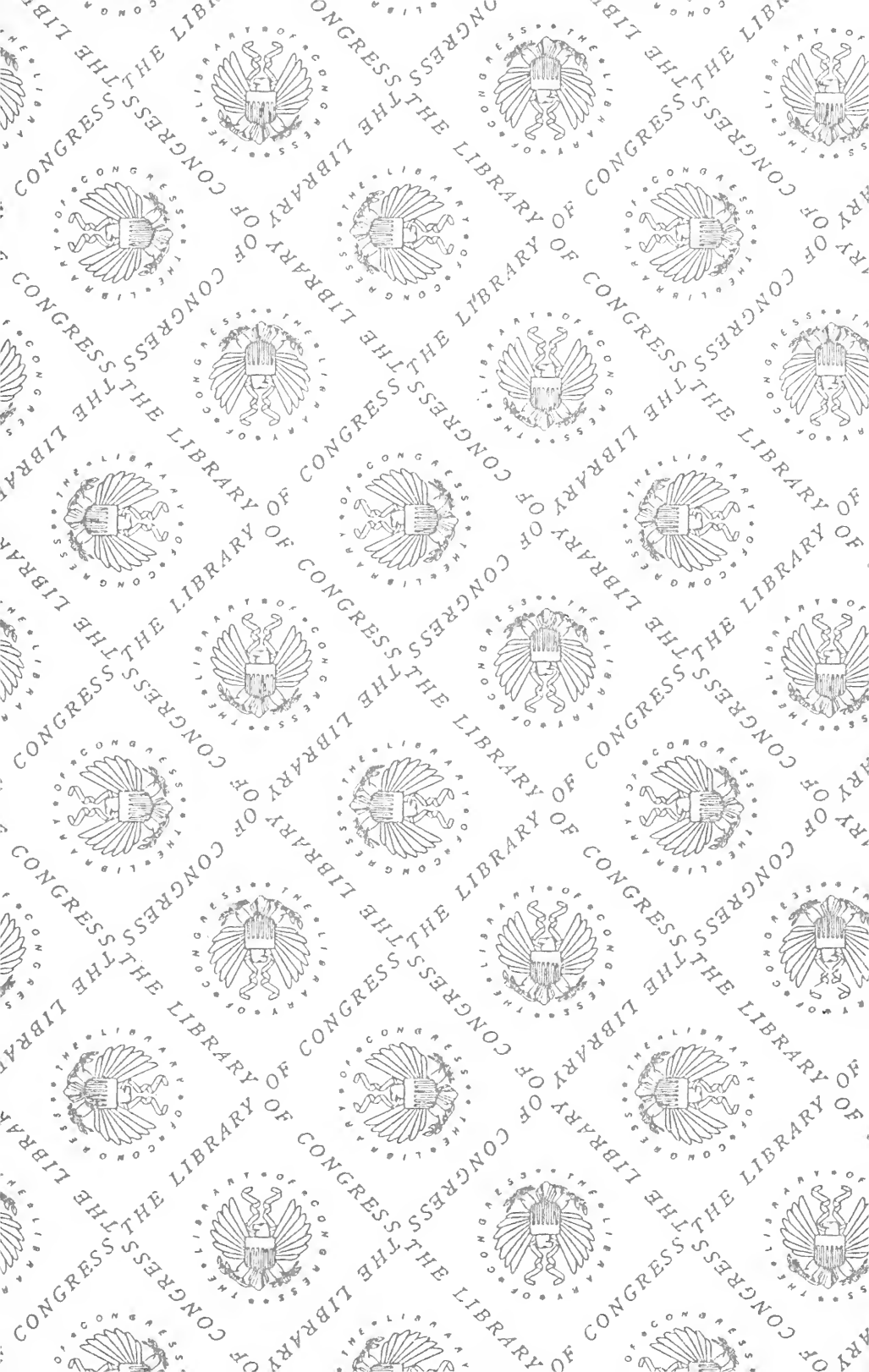
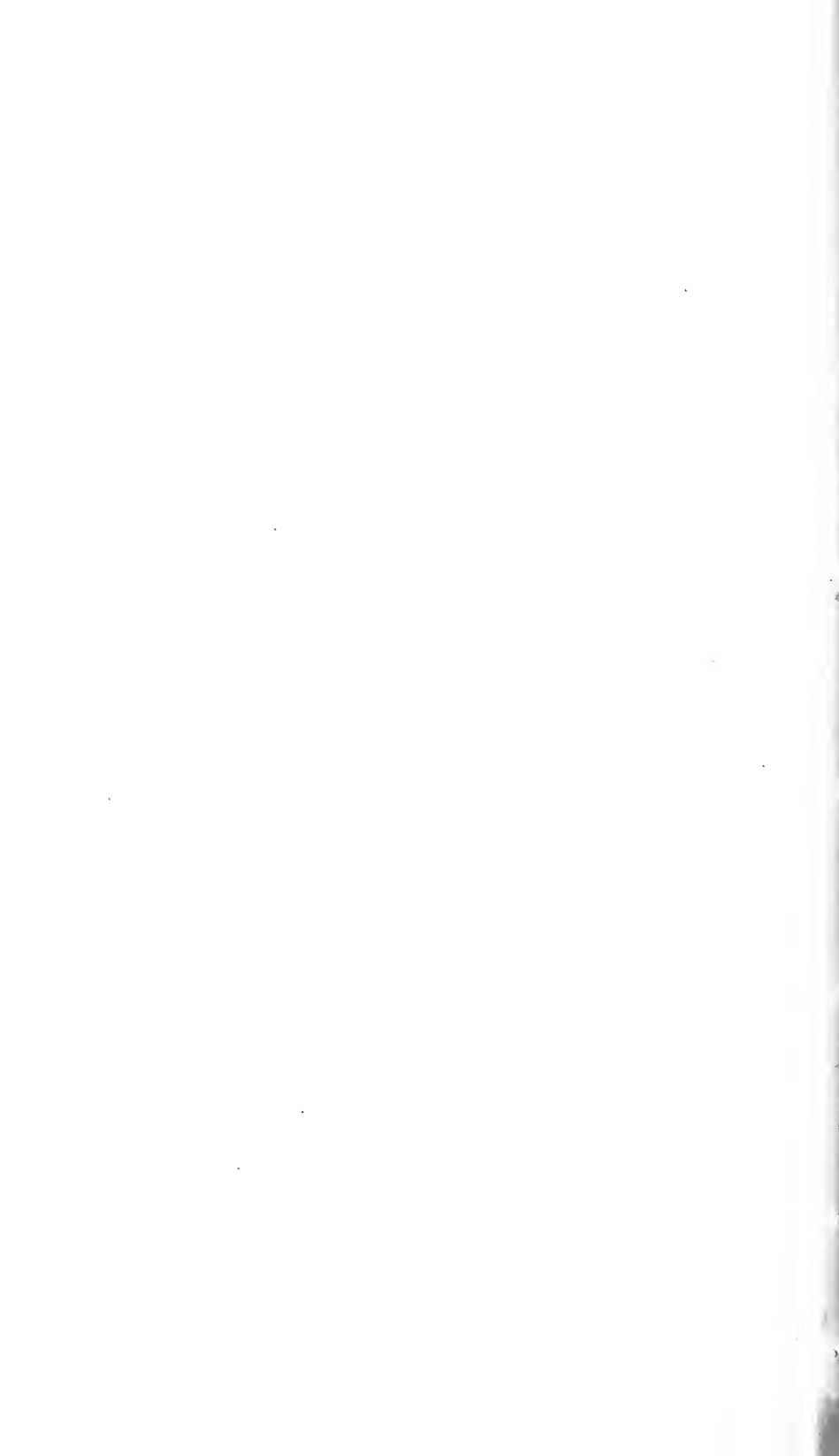


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CELESTIAL SCENES.

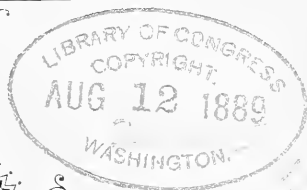



BY

FRANZ LUDWIG NAGLER



PART FIRST.



CINCINNATI, O :

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To my Sister,

MARIA MAGDALENA NAGLER,

whose trust and cheerfulness,
during the years of her long-continued illness,
have ever been an inspiration to
my heart, these

“CELESTIAL SCENES”

are affectionately dedicated by the

AUTHOR.

I hereby thankfully acknowledge the assistance
rendered by my brother.

AUGUST F. NAGLER,

IN THE

preparation of these pages.

F. L. N.



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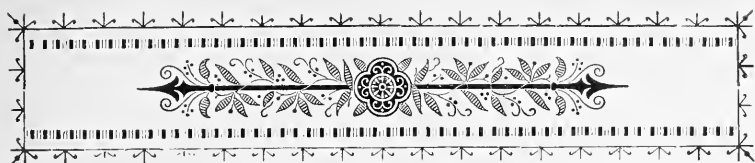
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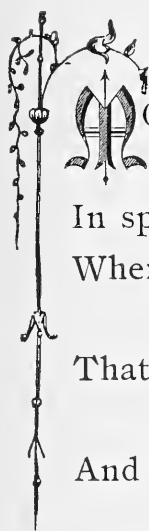
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Go forth, my "Scenes," into the wide, wide world,
And show the works of God in brightest hue;
Though, when your heavenly beauties are unfurled,
To notice them, there should be but a few:
Go forth, go forth, nevertheless,
These few to comfort and to bless.



To my Sister.



— — — — —
MORE promising the sun ne'er shone,
dear Sister,

In spring-time after winter's frost and chill,
When chirping birds built nests among the
branches

That gently drooped o'er pond and murmur-
ing rill,

And fragrant blossoms which had just un-
folded

Their slender petals 'mongst the emerald leaves,
Foretold us, all aglow with praise and promise,
Midsummer's fruit and autumn's golden sheaves:
Than in life's early morn the sun of fortune
In charming luster rose above your head,
And cast anon on future's dusky dimness
A glimmering wreath wherein we fondly read,

Earth's sweetest joys and heaven's abundant
blessings,

And all that loving kindness might invent,
Be ever thine, until thy course is ended,
And God's own messenger, "Well done!" is
sent.—

But, as when by the rising sun are banished
The morning-mists that hug the dewy earth,
And then, before he climbs to zenith-splendor,
The western skies to numerous clouds give birth,
Which, as for battle, muster all their forces,
And upward march with slow, but certain tread,
Until the concave vast of high-arched heaven
By their united gloom is overspread:
Thus, Sister, fled, alas too soon, forever
Your days of childish glee and girlhood bloom,
And scarce a ray of hope was left to comfort
Your drooping heart amidst the darkening
gloom.—

As when in battle fierce the blood-stained
warrior

O'erpowers and disarms a weaker foe,
Then, thrusting ruthlessly his deadly weapon,
Inflicting agonies of direst woe;

Unmindful of his anxious plea for pity,
Untouched by cries of anguish, burning tears,
Thinking but of the ill-gained spoils, forgetting
The awful cost at which he sounds his cheers;
Thus came on you as with fell strokes of vengeance,

And whence so suddenly, you scarcely knew,
Severest pain, of sickness cruel token,
And naught was left you but your fate to rue.—
'Tis true, you long withstood the grim destroyer,
So well your dauntless courage oft was hailed ;
But when he brought his all to bear upon you,
It was too much, your weakened spirit failed.
Your glee, alas, had given way to sadness,
Dimmed was the youthful luster of your eye ;
The rosy hue upon your cheeks had vanished,
Each weary breath was but a plaintive sigh.

No more were you allowed to trip and wander
O'er meadows gay to watch the purling brook ;
No more to gather flowers by the hillside,
Then hasten home again with cheerful look,
Spread them on mother's lap who would entwine
 them,
Deck with the flowery crown your golden hair,

Whilst telling of the lessons which the Savior
Drew from their tender life and beauty rare.
Those days forever past;—in darkened chamber
The weary moments sluggishly moved on;
Each morn but added pain to pain, each evening
Brought forth the sigh, O that the night were
gone!

Full well you know, what tears of bitter anguish
Rolled down your cheeks for grief to seek redress.

And how you prayed, that God would soon in
mercy

Alleviate your pain and sore distress.—



Since those dark hours full many a day, on
seeing

Its birthplace, fled; and seasons not a few
Rolled down the mighty stream thewhilst her
circles

The earth around the sun, time-measuring, drew.
Thee also, Sister, did the varying seasons
Bring changes many, and, with them, relief.
Not that all pain had fled, and sore affliction,
And gladness banished every thought of grief.

O no ! for often clouds o'ercast your heavens,
And tempests raged along your lonely path ;
Your heart was filled with dread and dire fore-
 bodings,
As nearer pealed the thunder's awful wrath.
Not always, though, your sky was veiled in
 mourning,
Not always did you walk in dismal shade ;
At times the faintest cloudlets grew still fainter,
And darkness fled, and fear, from wood and glade.
As when through foggy realms the sun with
 smiling,
But all-victorious rays dispels the night,
And rears against the storm-cloud's gloomy
 shadow
An arch in sevenfold splendor pearly bright ;
And flowerets, which to earth were sorely beaten,
As if light-born in richest colors gleam :
So you, the eye of faith to God uplifted,
Felt strength renewed, and joy, beneath the beam
Of that eternal Sun which shines all-glorious
Above the mists of anguish and despair,
And which, in piercing them, brought heavenly
 brightness
And, with it, peace, in answer to your prayer.

Through tribulation leads the way to glory,
When in the Savior's blood the robes are
white!

Thus are you taught in God's sure Word which
ever

Remains our pathway's guiding-star and light.

But you have also learned in days of sorrow,

That often God in his unerring love

By tribulation erst the heart can conquer,

And thus prepare it for the joys above.—

That what I say, is true, my proofs are many

And as infallible as they can be.

Shall I then go in search of others? Never.

Your testimony will suffice for me.—

In it I see, that though at times encompassed

You are by pain and sorrow, yet the light

Of God's own countenance shines down upon
you,

And ever trusting in his grace and might

You still can raise your eyes toward home and
heaven

And say with cheerfulness of soul: "Thou art

My guide, O Lord; and trusting, I will follow,

Though I can understand Thee but in part!"—

Your testimony—given me unrequested—

Speaks to the heart, as from the heart it flowed ;
There gleams in it, as in a mirror polished,
The soul's fair image, purity's abode.—

This image now, unchanged, I hold before
you,

Albeit in this frame of myrtle hue.

Full well you know the graces, which, entrancing
The eye, the heart with gentle love imbue :—



“And is it possible, another summer
With all its bloom and cheeriness is gone?
O time, all-precious time! why ever fleeting?
Why are you ever, ever moving on?—
Now twenty times and thrice the vernal sun-
beams

Aroused to new-felt life the slumbering earth,
Since I from naught to consciousness was wak-
ened,

Hope greeting as with fairest smile my birth.
Since that first day, so promising and sunny,
How many a one has come and gone, and O!
What have I not endured of pain and anguish,
Of disappointments and heart-rending woe!
How many clouds have darkened my horizon!

How many storms have raged above my head!
I felt forlorn; no help was found, nor helper;
And oft my heart moaned, O that I were
dead!

“Thank God, I now can see what once I
could not.

Those sorrows were but blessings in disguise;
Of struggling forces, bent, it seemed, on malice:
My body was the field—my soul the prize!
What in the light of day I ne’er could fathom,
That I beheld in midnights dark and drear;
The stars looked down into my lonely chamber,
And though so far away, they shone so near.—
Yea, then it was that heaven appeared re-
opened

And sent into my soul a golden ray;
And what ere then in deepest gloom was
hidden,

Now open as in morning sunlight lay.—

All-merciful the Lord has been, my Sovereign,
So lenient, as now I understand;

He led me, though I did not recognize it,
And leads me still with his unerring hand.

He was my Friend in days so dark and dreary,

My only Friend, my Counsel good and true.
I know it now that he's my Heavenly Father,
And I'm his child,—O blessing ever new!
He knows, he only, whither I'd have wandered,
If fringed with flowers my early path had
 been,
And if he not in his far-seeing goodness
With many prickly thorns had hedged me in.
It seems that in distress and sufferings only
The all-wise God my sinful heart could win,
And keep me midst the world's alluring pleasures
 From snares of evil,—dangerous paths of sin.

“Oft I had prayed, with heart oppressed and
 yearning,
And to the heavens I raised my longing eyes,
That God in his great mercy would restore me;
Alas, there came no answer from the skies!
And my poor soul sank low in grief and anguish,
 Hope well-nigh overcome by dread despair.
My feeble faith could find no rock of safety,
As futile seemed my every cry and prayer.
O, said I, God has left me to my sorrow,

And heeds not when to him I raise my voice ;
And more than my frail body's pain and torment
Was then my soul's distress, void every choice!—

“ But now those days are gone, those doubts
forever,
And from their thrall my soul has been re-
leased.

They fled, as do the shades of night, when
gently

Aurora spreads her wings across the east.

A bright and glorious day has dawned upon me,
And softly fell the pearly morning dew.

His ‘peace be with you!’ I have heard Him
utter

Who also said : ‘Lo, I make all things new!’—
I know that he has heard my every prayer,
And kindly granted what for me was best ;
Though not as human wisdom understood it,
Nor yet according to my loud request.

He did not give me what my heart had longed for,
But gave what in his love-plans, deeply laid,
He saw was better far than things for which I,
In child-like ignorance, so oft had prayed.

I longed for health, of earth the richest blessing ;

God graciously looked down upon my soul,
My soul that was far weaker than my body.—
He saw, and came, and blessed, and made it
whole!—

“He did not take away my pain, but gave me
The mind that was in his beloved Son;
So that with joyful confidence I ever
Can say to him: ‘Thy will, O Lord, be done!’
I take in simple faith what he has given;
What’s good for me, he better knows than I.
Though now I can not comprehend his dealings,
I trust, that I shall know them by and by.
He, who was with me to this very moment,
Will in the future ever be with me.
He gave his promise: ‘I will not forsake thee!’
And, ‘As thy day, e’en so thy strength shall be!’
I humbly give him charge of all that mine is,
And though the billows seem to overwhelm
My little bark, I never fear their fury;
For he, the mighty One, stands at the helm.
What matters it, though stormy be my voyage,
Bereft of comfort, joyfulness, and ease—
If only I will reach the blessed haven,
The haven of eternal rest and peace?

E'en now the eye of faith beholds with rapture
The rising shore beyond the trackless wastes;
And as the breezes waft from yonder hillsides,
My soul with joy their sweet aroma tastes.

“When I have reached my home, high in
the heavens,
Forever free from sickness, pain, and death,
My every song shall be a hallelujah!
A ‘worthy is the Lamb!’ my every breath.
Then I shall feel what passeth understanding;
Then I shall know e'en as I now am known;
Then I shall see the King in all his glory,
And with the angels stand before the throne.”



I oftentimes think of you, my darling Sister,
Afflicted as you are with many pains;
Still—trusting in the love of your Redeemer
Who over all omnipotently reigns—
You look from earth's despair and dark do-
minions
So confidently up into the skies,
Where, high above this transient sphere of sorrow,
Our hope's fair home and sweet fulfillment lies.

'T is true, your body, aching, weak, and prostrate,
Seems to a narrow space forever chained ;
Not so your spirit,—which, its fetters broken,
New strength and joyful liberty has gained ;
And soars away with eagle-like endurance
Up to the realms of everlasting light,
Where earth's dark mysteries for aye will vanish,
Where error wanes, and where there is no
night.—

To give you guidance in these realms ethereal,
Where angels often, men but seldom tread,
I'll show you what my wondering eyes have
witnessed,
As by the mighty Cherub I was led
From this terrestrial ball to worlds angelic,
Yea, higher e'en, up to Immanuel's throne ;
And what with skill and greatest care I've painted
As God's own blessed light around me shone.—

I trow, when these "Celestial Scenes" have
reached you,
And you cognize them closely, you will say :
Though fair the colors are, and most enchanting,
Still, all, their earth-born harmonies betray ;
Who then, I pray, can give me the assurance

That those angelic worlds are as they seem
In these "Celestial Scenes" which are thus
painted

In hues that bright in mundane colors gleam?—
'T is true, my Dear, that I from things terrestrial
Have borrowed form and hue wherewith to show
What I have seen in those bright worlds em-
pyreal,

And what you ne'er can witness here below.—
If not from earth,—whence then should I have
taken

The colors fair to paint for mortal eyes
What God in his eternal love and wisdom
Has wrought in realms beyond the starry skies?
From heaven itself?—How can you ask such
question?

You, for whose eyes the sun's rays are too
bright,

How could you hope to view with sight so feeble
The brilliancy of heaven's eternal light?—

In that most precious Book which God has
given,

You oft with swells of blessedness have read
Of New Jerusalem, the glorious city,

Where none but holy beings ever tread ;
Whose broad foundations in their twelvefold
 grandeur,
Whose shining walls, of purest jasper built,
Whose gates of pearl, and golden streets, with
 rapture
The last of all the God-sent prophets filled.
You 've read of that clear stream of living water,
Which from the throne of the Eternal flows ;
And of the tree of life which, once in Eden,
Now in that far-off heavenly country grows,
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations,
Whose fruits are twelvefold, every month anew ;
And of the crystal sea where all the ransomed
Forever praise their Savior good and true.—
You read, and then exclaimed with exultation :
O heaven, how beautiful ! my blessed home ;
Where I shall see my glorious Lord and Savior,
And those, he loved—and never more shall roam !

But did you never think that these are
 beauties,
Transferred from earth to realms of peerless
 light,
Because our eyes, made for this world of shadows,

Could ne'er endure high heaven's effulgence
bright?—

E'en so our Savior clothed his thoughts eternal
In garments, woven on the loom of time,
Revealing thus to our dim-sighted vision
The truths of God, immeasurably sublime.
For only by things known can we endeavor
To comprehend in part the realms on high.
Therefore, as in a glass, the Lord has shown us
What lies beyond the reach of mortal eye.—

Now whether my "Celestial Scenes" will
teach you

The wonders of almighty Power and Love,
That you shall see and know when Christ, your
Savior,
Has called you to your blessed home above.
Till then, view in this wreath of blooming
myrtle

What man on earth can never comprehend.
And if it serves to give you joy in sorrow,
In darkness, light;—then I have gained my end.

And there are others who in sorrows many,
As through a veil of tears look up to God;

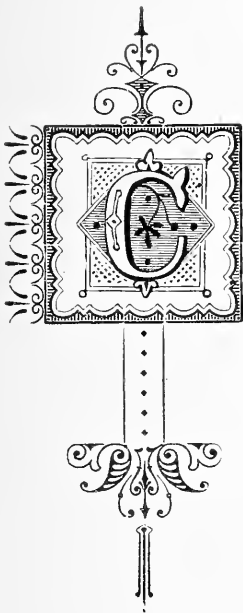
Them also would I show these "Scenes Celestial,"

To comfort, while they pass beneath the rod ;
And tell them of a world of light and glory,
Where sin is not, and pain can never be ;
Where those that come from earth's great tribulation
Shall celebrate their glorious jubilee !—

Your Brother.

3





CELESTIAL SCENES.

PART I.

THE UNIVERSE.¹

¹ Parts to follow are : II. CREATION ; III. REDEMPTION ; IV. CON-
SUMMATION.

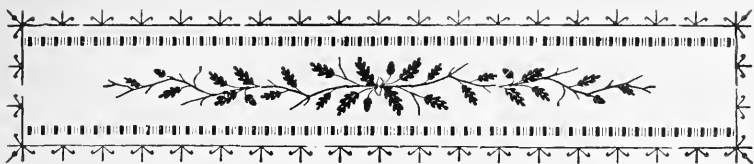


IMMANUEL.

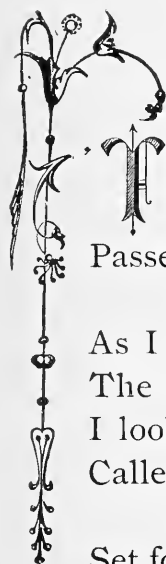
And they shall call his name Immanuel. (Matt. i, 23.)

Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature : for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers : all things were created by him, and for him : and he is before all things, and by him all things consist : and he is the head of the body, the church : who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead ; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell ; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself ; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven. (Col. i, 15-20.)





Scene First.



— — — — —
I WAS on a summer-eve: the gentle
zephyr
Passed rustling through the leaves of shrub
and tree,
As I reclined upon a mossy hillside,
The glories of the setting sun to see.
I looked upon that wondrous panorama,
Called Nature, which, in its proportions
grand,
Set forth a mighty Artist's skill and wisdom,
Though human eyes ne'er saw his working hand.
A fertile plain, with orchards decked, and gar-
dens,
And fields of ripening wheat and growing maize,
Stretched out before my eyes to where the colors
Seemed blended in the ever deepening haze.
Off toward the right a crystal sheet of water
Reflected the bright image of the sun,

As slowly he approached the broad horizon,
Rejoicing in the course he just had run;
While to the left arose in rugged splendor
A mountain, that appeared a mighty wall,
Built by Omnipotence, the plain to shelter
Against the storm-cloud's drear and blighting
 pall.

A streamlet wound its way in windings many
Along the verdant meadows of the plain;
And, laughingly, among the drooping willows
The distant lake, and rest, it sought to gain.

As thus in pensive mood I sat and wondered,

My eyes a-resting on the limpid stream,
A winged shadow flitted down the hillside,
Touching my forehead with its outer seam.
I raised my eyes, and there against the sun-
 light

Two birds with outstretched wings coiled circles
 drew;

And higher, ever higher, they ascended,
Then straightway toward the mountain's summit
 flew.

I followed them along their course till only
As tiny specks they in the heavens appeared;
I followed still, intent with expectation,
But lost them as the rugged peak they
 neared.

“Gone! gone!” I said, my heart filled with emotion ;

“Among the craggy cliffs they’ve built their nest ;

And now, that night is coming on, and darkness,
They’ve sought their home, high on the mountain’s crest.”

“O that my soul had wings!” I sighed most plaintive ;

“And were but broken earth’s mysterious bond,
I’d fly away—away from care and sorrow,
Up to my home-land, in the great beyond!

I’d fly away to where my spirit’s yearning,
The longing of my heart would be appeased ;
Where no more pains are, tears forever banished,
My troubled thoughts from fear of death released ;

Where ever fresh the stream of life is pouring
Down vernal plains, ne’er scorched by summer’s heat,

On whose fair shores the ransomed of the nations
In their eternal jubilee shall meet ;

Where I could view the works of God Almighty,
Where I might know creation’s mystery,
And understand what now I see but dimly,
Redemption’s plan in all eternity!—

There I would go, unchecked by fear of distance,

No earthly pleasure should my heart decoy,
And seek beyond the stars, in heights supernal,
My soul's sweet paradise, and endless joy !"

Thus sighing, I gave vent to deep soul-
yearnings,
And tears, soft-burning, trickled down my cheeks,
As I, my weary eyelids still uplifted,
Gazed languidly along the mountain-peaks.

"Have patience yet a while!" I heard it
whispered
Among the rustling branches soft and low ;
"The time will come, when from earth's thrall
to heaven
And glorious liberty your soul may go."

The moments fled, the day was well-nigh
ended ;
Far in the west the mighty King of light,
Retiring fast and robed in brightest purple,
With smiling face looked back, and said, "Good
night !"
Then with his golden beam he touched the
hill-tops,
And their hard cheeks with fairest crimson
glowed.
I watched the colors while they slowly faded,
Nor earth nor heaven a trace of twilight showed.

Surrounded now I was by night and darkness ;
But night, e'en more than day, with awe can fill.
She drew her gem-decked veil across the heavens,
And through my soul there passed a joyous
thrill.

"Look out upon the hills, the plains, the valleys,"
The day had said, "God's handiwork to see!"—
"Look up toward yonder star, and gaze, and
marvel ;

And praise thy God !"—thus said the night to me.
I raised my eyes and scanned the starry heavens,
Until the deep-felt cry burst from my heart,
"O that in yonder light-land I might wander,
How gladly from this earth I would depart!"—
The starlight, twinkling, said, "In day eternal
With us through God's wide kingdom you shall
roam !"

And more and more their beams my soul en-
chanted,
And more and more I felt, Yon is my home !



SCENE SECOND.



MYSTERIOUSLY there now sank down
upon me

A feeling strange; and like a radiant
stream

Of living light it bounded through my being.
Was it reality?—Was it a dream?—

But ere an answer to the questions many,
Which thus flashed up within me, I could find,
They, meteor-like, had vanished from my
vision.—

The what?—the how?—they troubled not my
mind.

I looked about, and saw, and gazed, and
marveled;

The place itself seemed new to me and strange.
Then all at once my questing eye was captured
By a quaint form within my vision's range
Which seemed far more inscrutable and mystic
Than all things else, now open to my view.
Of hazy dimness first, then ever brighter,

As though with sunbeams clad, the being grew.
And still I saw its radiance increasing
Until it stood a pier of living fire.
What could it be?—an angel, sent from heaven?—
A spirit pure?—I dared not yet inquire.

When first I saw this form of light and luster,
I deemed it far away; but as it grew
In brightness, I perceived it coming nearer,
Till now I found it standing in full view.
It searched my inmost heart, with eyes more
 piercing
Than any eye of man I ever saw.
I wished to flee; but void was my endeavor,
Held fast, so it appeared, by higher law.

I stayed, and looked at the mysterious being,
Expecting, though with terror, its first word.
'Twas all in vain!—I stayed, and looked, and
 listened;
But not a sound from its closed lips I heard.
With princely mien it stood, and gazed upon me.
I, trembling more and more, wished now to speak;
But not a word, to question, could I utter.
The will I had, my heart with fear was weak.

The light-clad being saw my soul's great
 anguish,
And soon I felt my confidence renewed;

For by its look, now changed to tender glowing,
My soul with trust and courage was imbued;
So that—my terror gone—I should have spoken,
Had I not heard a clear, melodious voice:

“Fear not, O child of earth,” it said, “I’ll
 lead you

To worlds of light, where angel-hosts rejoice,
And where you oft have wished to go.”—“Who
 are you?”

I cried; “one of the spirits near the throne
Of heaven above?—one of the seven archangels
That ever praise Jehovah, God alone?”

“I am a Cherub great!—let this suffice you—
Sent by Immanuel, of heaven the King,
To lead you through the realms of light and
 glory,

Up to the life-stream’s ever flowing spring.
Then back to where God caused the first be-
 ginning,

Where worlds were made, and spirits, clothed
 with might,

That you might see the wonders of creation
Which were long ere the earth was bathed in
 light;

And how the quenchless fire was first enkindled
That devastation brought to realms of bliss,
From which proud Lucifer and those, rebellious,
Were hurled into the bottomless abyss;

Then too, how Man was made, and sorely
tempted.

And Sin destruction brought upon his race;
But also, how God's mighty Love redeemed him,
An everlasting monument of Grace!—

This you shall see, and understand more fully
The works of God, Redemption's love-born Plan;
And why Immanuel, the Lord of angels,
Took, bore, and glorified the form of Man."

Thus spoke the heavenly being; and with
trembling

And ever growing awe I heard his speech,
In which far more was tendered me, than ever
I deemed within my mind's most daring reach.
"How can this be?" I asked, my heart a-throb-
bing;

"How can my feeble mind e'er comprehend
The wonders of God's Might and sovereign
Wisdom,
Where they began, and whitherto they tend?"

Again the Cherub spoke in tones most
solemn:

"Far is the way, and high beyond the flight
Of human thought, up to the heaven of heavens:
But not beyond a Cherub's will and might.
My arm shall bear you, strength will e'er be
given

To mind and heart, and to your feeble eye,
That you may know the works of God Almighty,
As they are apprehended from on high."

No sooner had these words the Cherub
uttered
Than closer still he drew, and laid his hand,
I kneeling down before him, on my forehead,
And broken was the bond which to this land
Of night and error, and of sorrows many
My longing soul had chained, and which alone
Had hindered it—the God-born Breath im-
mortal—
From rising upward, toward its Maker's throne.
"Pray, is this death? and am I now in heaven?"
I asked, astonishment writ on my brow.
"This far surpasses all I fain had hoped for;
If ever I have lived, I 'm living now!"
"E'en without death man's spirit, in the image
Of God created,"—I the Cherub heard,—
"May rise from earth and clay to heights
empyreal;
As oft-times you have read in Truth's sure
Word."

Thus now I stood, altho' upon the earth yet,
Surrounded—so it seemed—by light divine.
Did I belong to time?—to heaven already?
I hardly knew, so near the border-line.

SCENE THIRD.



I FELT prepared now, though my heart
still trembled,

To follow him who from high heaven was
sent

To lead me to the realms of light, his home-
land;

So I had understood his word's intent.

"I'm ready now," I said, high expectations
O'er dread and fear the victory had won;

"And leaning on your arm, I may accomplish
What of myself I never could have done."

The Cherub raised his right hand toward the
heavens,

And with the other to his bosom close
He clasped me, as a mother would her darling,
And with him to his home-land I arose.—

Far in the west I saw the sun arising,
But faster, than I e'er had in the east.
In brightest hues the continents he painted;
The ocean seemed a brilliant amethyst.

'T was charming to look down upon the earth-
ball.

One side of which lay bathed in solar light,
The other, plainly visible, though only
In the sad-somber garments of its night.
Then higher, ever higher, we ascended,
And lower sank the earth, and smaller grew.
I glanced ahead,—amazement filled my being!
A grand and glowing world-ball toward us flew.

I often with delight had seen fair Luna,
When silver-eyed she looked down from the
skies;

But never in such awe-inspiring grandeur
As now she beamed upon my wondering eyes.
What glorious world! It filled my soul with
rapture

To gaze upon ten thousand shining peaks,
Ring-mountain-fortresses, and granite cities,
As one in vain among earth's wonders seeks.

We lingered not; and downward rolled the
moon-ball,

Till far below—thus speedy was our flight—
It shone to me as when, soon after sunset,
It clothed the moorlands with its placid light.
Also the earth, with every fleeting moment
Grew smaller, viewing her from space so far,
Till to my eye she did not seem much larger

Than oft I'd seen the radiant morning-star.
And like a child in following its mother
Along the meadow-path, now on this side,
Then, skipping round, seeks flowerets on the
other;

So ever to and fro is seen to glide:
Thus I beheld the moon, the lesser planet,
Near mother-earth, though circling round and
round.

They moved along their orbit's spacious highway,
As if by mutual love together bound.

The sight was pleasing to my eye, and long-
time

It rested on their gleam, my soul was glad;

Till, suddenly, without a premonition,

There came on me a feeling lone and sad.

'T was Sorrow, veiled—though not in black—
that slyly

Drew nigh, in her soft-glowing eye a tear,
Which, falling down into my joy's pure fountain,
Disturbed and ruffled all its surface clear.

As when a youth, approaching nigh to man-
hood,

For the first time takes leave of childhood's home
To seek life's worth and fast-increasing fortunes,
And in a far-off country needs must roam,
Once more stands still—a sigh his bosom
heaving—

And looks across the plains to where he sees
His father's house, the good and dear old home-
stead,

Soft-gleaming through the vistas of the trees:
Thus sadly I looked down upon the earth-star,
My home; and ne'er in all my life before
Did it appear so dear as at this moment,
When I had left it to return no more.

No more!—for so I understood the message
That by the mighty Cherub me was given,
And in accord with which e'en now he bore me,
As angels soar, up toward the highest heaven.

“Be cheerful, child of earth,” I heard the
Cherub,

And presently, I felt my joy renewed;
“Soon you shall see the earth, as by the angels,
In other than the sun's light, she is viewed.”



SCENE FOURTH.



WITH great delight I followed my good
Leader

Who bore me onward, toward Immanuel's
throne.

Once more I turned my eyes upon the
earth-star

Which now but with a feeble glimmer shone.

“How wondrous strange!” said I; “the earth
which always
I deemed so large, is but a twinkling star,
Less bright than ofttimes I have seen fair
Venus.”

“Things may appear quite other than they are,”
The Cherub said, and then explained more fully:
“Small is the earth, compared with yonder host
Of worlds and suns, and myriad-graded systems;
A raindrop in the ocean,—she is lost.
But not by weight, nor size of bulk, is measured
What in the mind of God is valued high.
In heavenly realms the earth far more esteemed is
Than all the systems which around her lie.

The marvelous works of God that she has
witnessed,
Than which no other world has ever seen,
Have brought to her the crown of high distinction,
That she, though low-born, reigns a glorious
queen.
This you shall know more fully, when from heaven
You'll see Immanuel's Beloved Star—
As angels call the earth—and all the God-works
Which in the Book of Truth recorded are."

As thus he spoke, he swiftly bore me upward,
While underneath fled earth and dreary night,
With every trice the journey fast increasing,
For slow was not the mighty Cherub's flight.

Yet was my mind engaged in contemplating
The wondrous things, I of the earth had learned,
In which, as I conceived, not only mankind,
But all angelic beings are concerned,
When I again the Cherub heard who, pointing
Straight forward, said: "See Jupiter, the bright,
Majestic star, as witnessed from your earth-
home;
Beholding which oft filled you with delight."
I looked ahead, and saw the prince of planets,
With bulk enormous, plunging down through
space;

And his four moons, like wayward children
sporting,
Still, with the parent-world a-keeping pace.

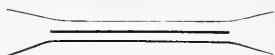
It filled my soul with rapturous amazement,
As nearer drew what seemed a burning world,
From which great vapor-pillars rose, which,
spreading,
To wide-extended cloud-sheets were unfurled.

“How different is Jupiter than ever
I deemed, when viewing him from earth below!
I thought, he too must teem with living beings,
But now I see, no herb on him can grow.”
Thus I exclaimed. My Guide forthwith re-
sponded:

“No living being you on him can see!
As he now is, so was the earth, your home-
land;
As is the earth, so Jupiter shall be.
When that time comes, he also will be peopled
With creatures, as you’ve read of earth, when God
For the abode of man had full prepared her,
And living beings called forth from the clod.”—

Most gladly I a moment would have lingered,
To contemplate more fully this grand world;
But onward sped the heavenly Guide, and down-
ward—

For so it seemed—the fiery planet whirled.
I followed him in his receding motion
Till he but as a brilliant star appeared;
E'en then he seemed to me a light, fast fading,
As more and more the sun's bright orb he neared.



SCENE FIFTH.



RAISED my eye to where we now were
going,

And soon was greeted by another light.

'T was Saturn, with his moons around him
circling,

And girded by two rings of silvery white.

And ever nearer drew the mighty planet;
What an imposing sight! my eyes were dazed;
A world-wheel, rolling through the spacious
heavens

With fiery retinue! I looked and gazed.

Was Jupiter o'erwhelming in his grandeur,
Much more the winged orb that now held sway
O'er all the powers of mind and soul. I
watched it,

As on it sped around the source of day.

“Why are those rings?” I turned and asked
the Cherub;

And he forthwith gave me to understand:

“In seeing these, man, searching, may decipher
How worlds are formed by God’s creative hand.
In ages past I’ve seen the sun’s bright children,
E’en Jupiter, encircled by a ring;
Also the earth.”—“The earth a ring?” I
questioned;

“Why, I have never heard of such a thing!”—
“And yet you have,” he said; “for it is written,
How the Lord God the veil of darkness rent;
Then, how the upper from the lower waters
He separated by a firmament.—
These, when Immanuel in his own image
Created Adam, spanned the sunlit sky,
And filled the heart of man with admiration
When to the mighty deep he raised his eye.”

Thus spoke my Guide; and with fast-grow-
ing wonder

I heard the revelations of his speech;

Then asked: “Where, now, are those revolving
waters?”

And he who ever ready was to teach,

Gave answer: “The Almighty,—when the
children

Of men forsook the path of truth and life,

And, wandering far beyond the reach of mercy,

Soon for severest punishment were rife,—
Stretched forth his hand, and opened wide the
 windows
Of heaven, and all the flood-gates of the deep;
And downward rushed the fierce and surging
 torrents
And covered valleys broad and mountains steep.
'T was then that God destroyed the race of
 scoffers,
And every living creature on the earth;
And, sparing Noah—as you 've been instructed—
He to a new and better race gave birth."

So wondrous-strange seemed what the Cherub
 told me,
And took so firm a hold upon my mind,
That I did not take note of fleeting moments,
Nor of the space, we swiftly left behind.

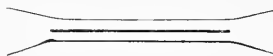
"Why, it is growing dark here! what has
 happened?
Where is the ringed orb which shone so bright?"
I asked my guide, when I had looked about me,
And found no trace of Saturn's beaming light.
"A brilliant star you still can see the ring-world,
The brightest in the glittering vault below;
And as on earth the mellow-gleaming north-light,
Shines here the distant sun's effulgent glow."

While thus the Cherub spoke, and bore me
onward,
I turned my eye whence came the sun-born
ray;
And there, far off, against the gem-decked
heavens
In lonely grandeur stood the light of day.
Though brighter still than all the hosts that
twinkled
Along the borders of immensity;
Yet not, as ever I was wont to see it,
In all-surpassing power and brilliancy.
I saw the planets Jupiter and Saturn,
Both, seemingly, not distant from the sun;
I saw them as I oft before had seen them,
When light and day their mutual course had
run.
And still I gazed into the depths below me;—
My heart was longing for another star.
In vain;—I could not find the tiny earth-ball,
Great distance to my vision proved a bar.

“Is that cold Neptune yond?” I asked the
Cherub,
As I beheld a new, soft-gleaming ball,
Which—for thus rapidly my Guide ascended—
From out the stellar regions seemed to fall.
The Cherub said: “It’s not as you imagine;

We're far beyond the realm where Neptune
 sways;
 What you behold, the last is of the planets,
 Which man has not yet found, so dim its rays."

My eye with pleasure followed the new
 planet,
 Till—rushing past us, far off to the right,
 Where it resembled earth as seen from Luna—
 It in the deep below sank out of sight.



SCENE SIXTH



"**WE** now have reached the point," I
 heard the Cherub,
 "Where you can still behold the sun's
 bright face,
 Though farther penetrates the solar star-
 light.—"

No planet ever rolls through this drear space.
 Lone comets only, wandering stars, which often
 You've witnessed sweeping through the vaulted
 skies,
 May swing beyond the sun's remotest planet,

When, wayward, they to other sun-realms rise.
The cold, unfathomed depths now lie before us,
That from the sun yon glittering stars divide,
Which, as to cheer your soul in dismal darkness,
E'er seem to beckon from the other side.
You'll deem unbounded the abysmal chasms
Through which we needs must pass; but as the
 flight
Of lightning from the storm-cloud; yea, e'en
 faster,
I'll bear you upward, toward the realms of light.
The great sun Sirius first, and then the cluster,
You've named Orion, mark our journey's course.
Then, soaring far beyond that sun-lit girdle,
We'll reach of light and life the primal Source."

Immeasurable already seemed the distance
Through which the mighty Cherub led the way.
When I looked back: no trace I saw of planets,
The glorious sun himself,—a glimmering ray.
Yet, we had but commenced the heavenward
 journey!
What did it mean, to reach the journey's end?
I gazed out, into distant world-strewn spaces,
I gazed and thought,—but could not comprehend.
And presently I felt upon my forehead
The Cherub's hand, and through my being
 flowed
New strength, so that again with joy and courage,

I could look up, along the star-paved road.
“You now can soar with me,” I heard the Cherub,
“Up, far beyond that distant sun-bound zone,
As angel heralds do, when they with rapture
From world to world Immanuel’s will make
known.”

The sun-born rays which, leaping o’er the
chasms
That lie between the molten central hearth
And Vulcan, Mercury, and gentle Venus,
In eight short minutes spring upon the earth,
Were lagging far behind,—thus sped we onward.
This I could well discern by looking back :
In front I saw ten thousand worlds a-blazing ;
Behind,—no night on earth e’er was so black.

When thus full many an hour, as time is
measured
On earth, had passed, and Sirius would not show,
By light increased, that he was drawing nearer,
I longed to see the sun-star’s fading glow.
The Cherub who had read my thoughts and
wishes,
To gratify, abated his swift flight ;
Then, pointing downward, whence we’d come,
he told me :
“You still can see the sun-star, beaming bright.”
With wistful eyes I scanned the depths below me,

And searched amongst the myriad specks of
light
Which filled the deep expanse; but none
purported
That it alone marked out the sun-ball's site.
I turned, perplexed, and said: "Though stars
unnumbered,
Some faint, some large and bright, I see full
well;
Yet, which among the many stars that sparkle
The earth's great sun is, that I can not tell."

Again the Cherub pointed with his finger.—
And there, upon the winged Eagle's fringe
I saw—as often I had seen Altair—
A steady gleaming star with golden tinge.
"That star I saw, but took it for Altair."
So I; the Cherub thereupon replied:
"The one, you've named, is seen in lesser
brightness;
The other, larger one, close by his side,
The earth-sun is."—With joy and sweet emotion
My eye now rested on the golden ray.
Though but a star; 't was yet the self-same luster
Which oft on earth had cheered life's lonely way.

Not many moments, though, could even the
sun-beam
Enthrall my eye, subserved to beauty's law;

O'erhead—beneath—on every side, the grandeur
Of God's creation filled my soul with awe!

I oft-times with delight and admiration
From earth's dark shade beheld the twinkling
light

Of myriad stars and systems; but they never
Seemed so majestic as from this deep night,
Far out amidst the interstellar spaces,
So distant from the sun's all-powerful glare;
And shining as the morning ray when bathing
In dewdrops, turning them to jewels rare.

The ruby's fiery hue, the crystal azure
Of th' amethyst, the chrysoberyl's green,
Shone out from every side in richer splendor
Than human eye on earth has ever seen.
The three times four most precious stones which
sparkled

Upon the breast of Israel's high-priest,
When he, as intercessor, with burnt-offerings
His people from their sins and guilt released,
And those the holy Seer beheld, when heaven
Was open to his gaze, and he espied
Jerusalem the New, th' Eternal City
Of man redeemed, the Lamb's beloved Bride:
These did not shine in beauty more entrancing,
In colors more superb, than to my eye
The suns and worlds, and gorgeous constellations,
As I beheld them on the boundless sky.

SCENE SEVENTH



AGAIN my Guide sped on, his course pursuing,

Sun-distances were swiftly left behind ;

When all at once a streak of light flashed
by us,

And I received an impulse as of mind.

I saw and felt—and gone was the impression—

Then quickly turned, again to see the light,

Forgetting for a time our own fast motion,

And gazed into the pit of blackest night.

“What was this flash of living light?” I questioned

The Cherub ; and he quickly made reply :

“It was an angel, sent by man’s Redeemer

To strengthen those who on his Grace rely,

Sustaining them in strife with evil spirits,

That ever seek their thoughts to lead astray.

So he informed.”—“How could he?” quickly
asked I,

“While passing swifter than a sun-born ray?”

Again the Cherub gave me information :
“ A spirit to another can impart
By one quick glance, without a moment's pausing,
If he so wills, the purport of his heart.
If man can fathom man, though dark his being,
And human eye oft read the human mind ;
How much more spirits, in whom deep discernment,
Quick thought, and ripe experience are combined !”

What I thus learned of angels and their
power
So occupied my mind and every thought,
That I did not perceive how fast the journey
By my good Guide through this dark space was
wrought.
Orion seemed to raise his form gigantic,
And farther spread the stars upon his belt.
His arm was stretched high up against the
heavens,
And lower sank the ground on which he
knelt.
Mad Taurus to the left, with force tremendous,
His great round eyeballs glaring wild and
fierce,
His head and horns bent low, seemed rushing
forward
As though the Hunter's body he would pierce,

Then slowly I perceived the light increasing,
As when Aurora hails the new-born day,
While onward sped the heavenly Cherub, scaling
The stellar heights as only spirits may.
'T was plain, we were approaching the dominions
Of Sirius, who shone, not like a star,
More like the sun, as viewed from ringed Saturn,
Though distant yet, full twenty times as far.
With joy I saw his radiance increasing,
Till he surpassed the solar noonday glare ;
When, all at once, a gleaming Sirius-planet
Of my attention claimed the greater share.
I saw him, as before I'd seen the earth-moon,
And could distinguish clouds, and land, and sea.
Not long, however, for he quickly vanished,
And as I thought, it seemed a dream to me.

I gladly would have tarried here, the better
To note the wonders of this far-off world,
And how in life-forms new, replete, and varied
The power of God Almighty was unfurled.
"Far greater are the marvels that await you!"
The Cherub said ; and piercing light-filled space,
Soon Sirius shone in brightness more resplendent
Than ever I had seen the earth-sun's face ;
This, too, of radiance was the fullest measure,
We from his over-bounteous store received.
One moment ! and great Sirius had vanished,
And we of his effulgence were bereaved.

We hastened on through dark and dismal regions,
Toward Rigel—as on earth the orb is known;
But long it was, before that luminary
In other than a star's bright luster shone.
The distance seemed as far as from the earth-
star

To Sirius, though shorter much the time.
With rapture I beheld the constellations
In rolling change, exceedingly sublime!

Now ever brighter grew the dazzling cluster,
Orion,—though his aspect disappeared.
The stars and systems formed new combinations,
As we his glorious, world-bound empire neared.
My eyes were fixed on Rigel's lustrous splendor
Who more and more filled space with light
of day.

Soon he loomed up, a sun in dazzling brightness;
Then to the right I saw him fade away.

Past other suns and high-revolving systems
The Cherub bore me, fast as angels fly.
I hardly noted time's swift flight, so wondrous
Appeared the myriad worlds, a-rolling by.
I glanced around—my Guide his speed abating—
And found myself surrounded by a new
Star-heaven. O'erhead, the brilliant hosts ex-
panded;
Beneath, the starry circles closer drew.

Again the Cherub paused, and pointed downward,
That I once more might note the sun-star's gleam.
Not far from Sirius I saw it glisten,
A tiny speck, with ever fading beam.



SCENE EIGHTH



MAJESTIC now loomed up before my vision
The starry belt known as the milky way,
And which, as seen from earth, o'erspans
the heavens,
A gorgeous arch in wonderful array.
I found no more so few of suns and systems
In these high regions as I had in those
Through which, thus far, the heavenly Guide
had led me,
And where the life-sustaining earth-sun glows.
Instead of gazing into starry heavens
I now beheld a heaven of suns, more bright
Than man's imagination ever pictured
In this faint, milky stream of flickering light.

Not only suns and planetary systems
In varied orders now rolled into view;
Gigantic nebulæ, wide-spreading masses,
I also saw, august in form and hue.

What here I saw in ever-changing colors,
In shapes grotesque, yet marvelously grand;
And how my being throbbed with deep emotion,
Who can depict, who paint with mortal hand?
On either side the clusters rose like mountains,
Far, far beyond the reach of human gaze;
Beneath, there rolled a sea of gold and crystal,
Its distant shores lost in a silvery haze.
And on we bounded, toward a lucid portal,
Arched high o'er shining avenues of light;
We passed beneath, and wonders new and
many
Enhanced my soul's delight: off to the right
There towered aloft, it seemed, a mighty palace,
With domes, arcades, and columns, manifold;
To leftward, it appeared a sunny garden,
Surrounded by a wall of pearl and gold.
Then on, and on, o'er fields of light and luster,
Through colonnades, majestic in their cast,
Till overawed by e'er-increasing glories,
By multiplied immensities, at last
My strength gave way, and darkness veiled my
vision,
Although surrounded by vast floods of light.

With faltering hand I clung unto the Cherub
Who sped away in his own wonted might.

“Too much! too much!” I cried, my heart
a-sinking,

“Too great these wonders for a human mind!
How dare I hope to gaze upon the glories
You promised me, if these my vision blind?
O take me back to earth, the home of mortals,
That I on it the works of God may praise,
Until, endowed with resurrection power,
The Lord my soul to these fair realms will raise.”
The Cherub made reply: “Strength shall not
fail you,

To view the glories of Immanuel’s throne.
My hand will guide you safely through the
heavens,

Up to creation’s most exalted zone.
When we have reached the palace of Prince
Michael,

Your power of soul, now faint, shall be made rife
With strength, imparted ever new, as angels
Receive it from the Fount of Bliss and Life.”

Again I felt the Cherub’s hand, bestowing
New hope and courage to my wavering soul.
Now, all my weakness gone, I felt a longing
As ne’er before, to reach the heavenly goal.

SCENE NINTH.



AGAIN we journeyed on through realms
unnumbered,

And swiftly passed the suns on either side ;
Till, suddenly, there yawned before my
vision

A dismal void, unbounded, lone, and wide.

This did not seem to me like those broad chasms
That span the stellar hosts. From this drear
night

There shone no gleaming worlds, no starry
heavens,

Not even a nebula's soft, hazy light.

"Is this the utmost limit of creation?

Yond the eternal night that bounds it all?

In that great deep there gleam no star-lit
heavens,

Primeval darkness reigns in dread appall."

Thus I, with doubt, when more and more had
vanished

The realm of lustrous worlds through which
we'd sped,

And ever farther into dungeon blackness
My Guide with unabating swiftmess led.
“Not are so limited God’s works, as seemeth
To you,” the Cherub quickly made reply;
Then, pointing forward, tendered information :
“More worlds and systems over yonder lie.”

I turned, and searched in the direction given,
And noted soon a disc with soft, pale gleam,
Appearing like a star behind a vesture
Of floating mists, diffusing its bright beam.
“What you behold,” continued then the Cherub,
“Yon tiny speck, surrounded by a dim,
Soft glow, is one of seven vast world-creations,
Like this, we’ve traversed to its outer rim.
Far greater is the deep, dark void that lieth
Before us now, than those wide gulfs which we
Have left behind, in coming from the earth-
star ;
But speedier, too, our journeying shall be.”

Long time I pondered on the depth of
meaning
Of these strange words. Howe’er the more
I thought,
The more I felt perplexed ; and ere I knew it,
A portion great of our high tour was wrought.
How rapidly the Cherub pierced the distance,
I could not tell in this most darksome night.

No star beamed out, no glorious constellations,
In whose swift change I might have traced our
flight.

“I do not comprehend your words’ deep
import,”

I said, “of seven divisions which compose
Creation’s whole.—Behind us are the systems
Through which we came, and where the sun-
ball glows ;

Before us, naught but yonder gleaming cloudlet.
Wherever else in search I turn my eye,
The densest night confronts me ; not a glimmer
Betokens other worlds, afar or nigh.”

Again the Cherub spoke, and gave instruction :

“And yet it is, forsooth, as I have told ;
The universe has seven great world-creations,
And each creation, systems manifold.

The sunny realms, we left so far beneath us,
And which seemed infinite, in one great zone
With other six, e’en more superb in splendor,
Revolve around Immanuel’s radiant throne.

And what to you appears a growing cloudlet
Another is of these divisions,—great
And numerous systems which, their luster
blending,

Space, thus remote, with mellow light inflate.
Archangel Michael in those light-filled regions—
His principality—the scepter sways.

There, entering his lucid palace, you shall
Cognize Jehovah's wondrous plans and ways."

Long time I thought upon these words, then
answered :

"Infinite seemed the universe, when I
From earth looked up, and scanned the starry
heavens.

But not so, now !" The Cherub made reply :
"Still, greater are God's works than mind can
fathom !

In space's realm the sun-built systems roll
Through which we came, and those you see o'er
yonder,

And others more ; but not creation's whole !"
Then, after pausing, my good Guide continued :
"When space's bounds in spirit you 'll transcend,
You then, through light divine, the God-efful-
gent,

Shall see, what now you can not comprehend.
Then you shall view the earth from heights
amaranthine,

As angels when they note a sinner's rue ;
And stand before the throne of King Immanuel,
Source of the Beautiful, the Good, the 'True !"

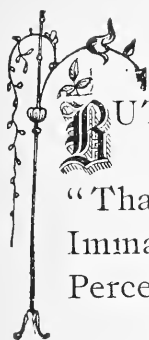
"I shall behold the glorious King of heaven !
Immanuel upon his throne !" I said
With throbbing heart and woeful apprehension ;

“It fills my very soul with fear and dread.
Too high such honor for an earth-born being!”
The Cherub drew me closer and replied,
Whilst ever nearer the great goal he bore me :
“’T is very true, you now could not abide
The presence of Immanuel, so radiant
Is the effulgence of the God-born light.
First you must drink of the life-giving fountain
Which puissance imparts to spirit-sight.”

The Cherub’s words dispelled my apprehen-
sions ;
My fear was gone, once more my heart felt free.
I longed to ken heaven’s mysteries, delighted
That such great honor lay in store for me.



SCENE TENTH.



BUT soon my pondering mind again was troubled.

"That I, indued with angel-power, may see Immanuel, the glorious King, I well can Perceive ; but earth from heaven ! how can this be?"

"Man's knowledge is of God and truth no measure !"

The Cherub now replied with earnest mien ;

"Much, wrapped in mystery for his dim vision,
Is clearly witnessed by an eye more keen.

Yea, even the things which stand in light apparent,

Still from his search their inmost being hide ;

And though he tries to penetrate the secret,

'Tis vain ; he only scans the outer side.

So it will be when you've attained the power

Of angel vision. Seeing, you shall see—

Space overcome—unbarred by depth of distance ;

Though knowing not how it, forsooth, can be.

Then you'll perceive what lies in farthest regions,
As though by spirit-effort it drew nigh ;
And things, transpiring on the tiny earth-star,
Will seem to stand before your wondering eye."

Whilst thus the heavenly Guide my heart
enlightened,
Preparing it for wonders many and great,
He bore me, unperceived, through depths unfathomed,
Toward distant fields of light with spirit rate.
The darkness which so long our path had compassed,
Grew less and less ; and far ahead there beamed
A sun-strewn disc of radiant glow, and from it
A flood of light in all directions streamed.

"Another universe !" I cried, "more lucent
And grand than that in which the earth-sun
glows."
How gloriously it spread before my vision
As we toward its resplendent center rose !
The Cherub paused and gently touched my
forehead,
Imparting vigor to my failing sight,
Then swiftly toward the shining sun-realms
bore me,
Till presently we reached its borders bright.
Not only could I now endure the splendor

Which met my eye in floods of dazzling rays ;
It also seemed, the suns were clothed in luster
As heretofore had never met my gaze.

On, on we sped, as speed the angel-heralds,
Past sunny hosts in marvelous array.
It filled my soul with rapture e'er increasing,
As I beheld them come and rush away.
As when in sailing 'cross the wild Atlantic,
One sees ten thousand billows, decked with foam,
Approach the vessel's keel with ceaseless rolling,
And then majestically past it roam :
Thus I looked out upon the mighty ocean
Of suns and systems, fathomless and wide ;
And ever new world-billows rolled before me,
And passed me swiftly by on either side.

More than ten times the distance of Orion
We 'd left behind in coming through this part
Of God's creation ; and with every gleaming
And new sun-cluster I within my heart
Had vainly hoped that this of our long journey
The goal might be, Prince Michael's palace
 bright,
When I with joy the Cherub heard, who, pointing
Straight forward, said : " Within that realm of
 light
Which there you see, more brilliant than the
 others,

The goal is of our journey." Quickly I
With eager look compared the gleaming systems,
And soon beheld a cluster drawing nigh,
More lucid than all else. Large as Orion,
When viewed from earth, these beaming hosts
appeared.

Perceptibly they spread—a heaven of sun-
globes—

As we their light-effulgent border neared.

"These are the realms whence I began my
journey

To earth," the Guide continued, "that your
heart

Might realize the vastness of God's empire,
And of his love-begotten plans a part."



SCENE ELEVENTH.



WHILST thus the Cherub gave me information,
The floods of light increased with rapid flow ;
Until the whole expanse, spread out before me,
With dazzling luminaries was aglow.

Then it appeared as though it were a palace,
Built of ten thousand suns and systems great.
Ne'er had I seen such majesty unfolded
'Mongst all the gorgeous hosts of realms create.
Its flashing spires stretched into heights distracting,
Beyond the reach of eye its blazing walls ;
A portal grand, by thousand suns surrounded,
Showed us the way into its shining halls.
On either side the starry clusters towered
Like columns, by Omnipotence uptossed,
Till in a firmament of beaming systems
Their scintillating capitals were lost.

The brilliancy by which I was surrounded
In this light-realm, the august stateliness,
Imagination, subtle gift of heaven,
Ne'er can conceive, nor human words express.

Unnumbered spheres, far brighter than the
day-star
Which light imparts to man's atomic world,
In circles small and great around each other,
As though pervaded by a life-breath, whirled.
In such harmonious order were these clusters
Around each other grouped, that every sun
In this superb display of colors added
To the enchantment of the nearer one.
Had not the Cherub, ere these heights we entered,
Imparted vigor to my heart and mind,
I ne'er could have endured the radiation
Of light and hues, so wondrously combined.

These suns, I also noticed, were encircled
With planet-worlds in orbits far and nigh,
The home of angel-beings, so the Cherub
Informed me, as we passed a number by.
Though these shone brightly, yet they'd not the
luster
Of the surrounding suns; more like the moon,
With fulgor, borrowed from the central fires,
They gleamed, among the radiant sun-orbs strewn.

Each planet traced around that sphere its
 pathway,
Whence it received the fullest share of light.
But, as unnumbered sun-balls fill the heavens
With constant glow, there can be here no
 night.

“I pictured heaven,” thus I, to my great
 Leader,
“As though ’t were but a single place; now I
Perceive it otherwise to be.”—The Cherub,
Instructing me more fully, made reply:
“You ofttimes in God’s Book have read of
 heavens,
Which shadow forth Jehovah’s might and praise;
And though man’s mind can never grasp their
 number,
Still, they are but a portion of his ways.
But in that Book is also plainly written
That o’er the heavens the heaven of heavens
 extends,
Seat of Jehovah’s throne, whose radiant bright-
 ness
The light combined of all these heavens tran-
 scends.”

“Will I attain this glorious heaven of heav-
 ens?”
I asked the Cherub; then heard him unfold:

“When you have drank from the life-giving
fountain,
You shall Immanuel therein behold.”



SCENE TWELFTH.



AGAIN the Cherub pointed toward a
circle

Of radiant suns, and said: “When these
are gained,

We’ve reached our goal, the palace of
Prince Michael;

Where since creation’s early morn he’s reigned.”

I had no more than heard these welcome tidings,
And turned to gaze upon the sun-decked globe,
When I beheld a swift-approaching angel,
Who bore upon his arm a streaming robe.

His own glared like the hoar-frost’s pearly glitter
When winter’s morning-sun peers through the
bough

Of beech and elm, and on each bush there
glistens

A crown, as ne’er adorned a kingly brow.

His countenance appeared as does the lightning
When it illumines the lonely traveler’s way,

Who gropes along in darkness, black and somber,
And deepest night is turned to sudden day.

But what a marvel! Quick as thought, a
brightness

Burst from the Cherub, too, as I'd not seen
Before, and filled my heart with awe and rapture ;
To me he seemed a form of living sheen.

His garment shone as though 't were interwoven
With threads of gold ; his visage flashed as bright
As that of the refulgent angel-herald ;
His eye betokened e'en superior light.

It seemed, my Leader, though with sheen in-
vested,

His high cherubic glory had concealed ;
And erst, when the transplendent angel-herald
Approached, he, too, his heavenly garb revealed,
Whereby of his high rank and rôle he taught me.
For in these glorious realms, I noted soon,
The outward semblance corresponds most fully
With inner worth, yea, is its source and boon.

"Great is Jehovah ! Majesty and honor
Be unto God, the everlasting King !" —

"Great is Immanuel ! Let all the heavens,
All angels glory and devotion bring !" —

Thus greeted the swift-wingéd angel-herald,
And thus my Guide his greeting quick returned.
Ne'er had I heard such heavenly salutations,

And ne'er my heart with expectation burned,
As when these two angelic beings greeted
Each other. Then with silent, princely look
Each in the other's eye his thoughts discernéd,
As though they read them in an open book.

Then my good Guide prehended the white
garment
Out of the angel's hand, and said to me:
"This robe was sent that you for holy angels'
Companionship and life prepared might be.
For only what is bright and pure can enter
The heaven of heavens, and stand before the
throne
Of King Immanuel!"—Whilst thus I heard
him,
The angel's eye in tender beauty shone.

And soon I was enrobed with the bright
garment,
The angel kindly lent a helping hand,
Then turned about and swept away before us,
As he had come, toward the angelic land.
An instant! and he shot beyond my vision;
I found myself alone with my good Guide,
Who then again pursued the journey, holding
Me, as he'd done before, close to his side.
I turned my look upon his beaming presence,
As though I saw him now for the first time.

And he, well knowing what my heart was pondering,

Because he read my thoughts e'en in their prime,
Remarked: "It seems so strange to you that
brighter

My countenance is beaming, and my pall,
Than hitherto you've seen. So I'll inform you:
My body which created was withal
Of light divine, shines thus in pristine glory,
Emitting only what Jehovah's hand
Therein has treasured when he caused my being;
That I before his throne in heaven might stand.
But he has also vested me with power
That, when on ministrations I am sent,
As now, I may attire in garb less glaring,
And thereby pain to weakened eyes prevent."



SCENE THIRTEENTH.



WE rapidly approached the radiant circle
Of suns—our journey's long-desired
goal.

Ne'er had I seen, not in the brightest re-
gions,

Such splendid orbs before my vision roll.
Sphere girding sphere—my mind thus appre-
hended—

They all in perfect harmony revolved.

What for a moment seemed a glowing center,
Soon into thousand radiant suns resolved.

I also here beheld—what seemed so wondrous
And strange—new colors, colors fulgent bright,
As human eye on earth has never witnessed
Beneath the day-star's gleam of sevenfold light.
Nor are there terms in man's so meager lan-
guage,

To give expression to the manifold
And varied works of God; nor things terrestrial
By which to image heavenly forms untold.

“What gorgeous beauty!” I exclaimed, enraptured,
When we had reached, what I of surety deemed
The sun-realm’s center, and an orb stupendous
And heavenly fair before my vision gleamed.
“This is Prince Michael’s glorious habitation,
The home of those who in his presence stand,”
The Cherub said. “Here in the light of heaven
You’ll view the marvels of Immanuel’s hand.”

Not with the glare of the surrounding sun-orbs
This angel-world shone out; more like a globe,
Of purest crystal formed, reflecting clearly
The light received, as its own lustrous robe.

Now downward—so it seemed—we quickly
journeyed
Thewhilst the beauties of this heavenly world,
Which waxed with every moment larger, grander,
To my astounded mind were fast unfurled.
I noted sunny plains and blissful valleys,
And rivers which like cords of silver shone,
And pearly lakes that glistened on the land-
scapes
As does at noon the light-enkindled stone.
No hazy mists, nor film of cloud enveloped
The broad serene, far as my eye could see.
The purest sunlight—aye, of suns unnumbered
And fairest-hued—filled all with heavenly glee.

Still ever onward, high o'er plains and valleys,
The Cherub leisurely his course pursued,
Whilst underneath a gorgeous panorama,
Sublimely fair, in constant change, I viewed.
'Twas soul-entrancing thus to look upon the
Emblazoned seas, and river-systems grand,
And on the garden plains and flowery highlands
That stretched along their ever-balmy strand,
Where, also, I beheld the homes of angels,
Bright as on earth there never shone a gem
Or sheeny diamond, valued e'er so highly,
On sceptered hand or royal diadem.
And angels, too, in groups I saw; their garments
White-glistening, like new-fallen Alpine snow,
Among the tender lawns of life-tree orchards
Which only in a heavenly country grow.
And blissful sweet their melodies resounded,
A stream of praise enlivening the whole
Surrounding space, and ever new inciting
The joy-swells of my heaven-enraptured soul.

Full well a thousand times the earth-ball's
circuit
We swiftly thus accomplished, roaming high
O'er the bright angel-world, whilst underneath us
The wonders in one grand survey swept by.

SCENE FOURTEENTH.



WHAT is that beaming radiance?" I questioned.

When I beheld a sheen, surpassing fair,
That fringed, Aurora-like, the far horizon,
As though a mighty sun were rising
there.

The Cherub answered: "We are fast approaching

Prince Michael's capital and palace bright;
In which, up to the heaven of heavens ascending,
You'll see God's works in other than the light
Of suns."—High expectation ne'er pulsated
So mightily within me, as when I
Was thus advised, and the great angel-city,
Prince Michael's wondrous capital, drew nigh.

As fairly traceable the glorious city
In all her grandeur lay before my eyes,
I thought of that bright, fiery red which oft-
times
The sun had painted on earth's western skies,

And which to me appeared a heavenly city,
Built of fine gold and the most precious stone,
Through whose high palaces and spacious portals
The light of God in pure irradiance shone.
What on the earth was naught but a delusion,
And fancy's genial work, that here appeared
In sumptuous reality, the more we
This golden-hued, palatial city neared.
Yea, more than thousand times the dazzling
splendor
Of Michael's palace which before us gleamed,
Surpassed the fiery hues that in the evening
Earth's cloud-enrobed horizon overstreamed.

“Will I behold the great archangel, Michael?”
I asked the Cherub, who instructed me:

“You'll stand, as I've presaged, within his
palace ;

But can not now behold the Prince, for he
Is, where you came from, on the distant earth-
star.”—

“Prince Michael on the earth !” burst from my
heart,

“Might I inquire, what he is there pursuing?”

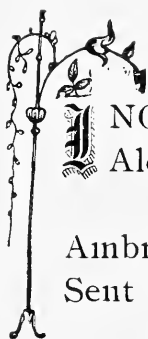
My Guide responded: “He is taking part
In that great conference of lords and rulers,
Which is devising, how the Congo-states
In sunny Africa shall be apportioned
And governed. That these mighty potentates

May only do what for Immanuel's Kingdom
Among the nations of the earth will prove
A blessing,—this the mission of Prince Michael.
Poor Africa shall know her Savior's love !”

So eagerly I listened, and with wonder,
To what the Cherub said, that ere I thought
He gently downward led his course ; our journey
To this far-distant angel-sphere was wrought.

We lighted on a mountain near the city,
Along whose foot a crystal river flowed,
Which led its currents toward a sheet of water,
In which, it seemed, a thousand sun-balls glowed.
I looked away, on paradises many
That girted the fair city like a wreath.
The life - tree orchards, interspersed, were
 blooming
In purest white, whilst brooklets purled beneath.
Man's eye has never seen such heavenly country
As I beheld from this clear mountain-height.
Eternal spring breathed up the hillside, filling
My very soul with jubilant delight.
All space seemed vocal with the sweetest music ;
All heaven a chorus to the praise of God.
All colors shadowed forth his light and glory,
In suns and seas, in mountain, weald, and clod.

SCENE FIFTEENTH



NOTICED soon a group of angels coming
Along the river bank, who, with the
sweet

Ambrosial perfumes, their Allelujahs
Sent up the mountain-slope, my Guide to
greet.

“We’ll go to meet them,” said the Cherub,
starting

Adown the mount. I kept close to his side.
Our pathway led through parks and fragrant
gardens,
As none but heaven’s pure nature can provide.

The angels made obeisance to the Cherub
As we approached the river’s pearly strand.
Then one of them with friendly mien drew closer
And cordially extended me his hand.
He seemed to know full well—what so sur-
prised me—
How man greets man, when they in friendship
meet.

“We bid you welcome to the home of angels,
Child of the earth!”—I heard his voice most
sweet.

Short time the angel-conversation lasted;
But strange to human ear was every word.
Though, as they often chose—which soon I
noticed—

To glance at me, I readily inferred
That I myself the subject was whereof they
Conversed, and why to this angelic land
The Cherub me had borne. I felt embarrassed;
Till he who first had tendered me his hand
In token of good-will and loving kindness,
Again drew nigh with mien so sweet and true,
That quickly all suspense of soul evanished,
And in my heart there nothing was to rue.

The angel-band remained a moment only;
Then they moved on, the pearly bank along.
To where the stream poured into the clear waters
Of the bright lake. Again I heard their song
As they arose and crossed its crystal mirror,
And on the further shore passed out of view.
The Cherub still remained, as though awaiting
My questionings, whereof—as well he knew—
My heart was full. I asked him: “Do these
angels
Know aught of man, and of the little world,

Where he abides?" With earnest mien the
Cherub
To my astonished heart these truths unfurled :

"Remember, when Immanuel, the Sovereign
Of heaven, whom all the angel-hosts adore,
Lays down his majesty, his royal scepter,
To do what angel-eye ne'er saw before ;
Descends to the abode of sin and sinners,
There takes upon himself the form of man,
Walks in the pathway of the meek,—is beaten,
Rejected, scorned, to Israel a ban ;
Yea, when he then—He, of all life the Giver—
Dies on the cross and sinks into the grave,
Goes down to death's dark dungeon,—that the
fallen

He through the power of Love divine might save :
Then all the sons of heaven, all high dominions,
All thrones and powers, with interest supreme
Look down upon the earth ; and what they see
there

Is of their thoughts profound the deepest theme !
Unspeakable through all the realms of glory
The joy was when the Conqueror again—
With victory crowned—to his high throne as-
cended,

There in the majesty of God to reign !
With ever-deepening interest, the angels
Behold what King Immanuel on earth

Accomplished, and what there he still is doing,
To raise poor, fallen man to bliss and worth.
They see in his great victory over Satan,
What yet is hidden from the eye of man ;
For they beheld proud Lucifer, when first he—
Defying God and heaven—this war began,
Which by Immanuel will soon be ended.
All majesties, all angels are concerned
In Man, the brightest trophy of this conflict,
By Love divine, 'mid pain and sorrow earned !”

I well-nigh had forgotten my surroundings,
So were my thoughts engrossed by every word
The Cherub uttered as he spoke of th’ interest
The angels take in man. But when I heard
Him speak of sin and death upon the earth-star,
A shadow slyly overcast my heart.
It seemed as though the heavenly joy which
sweetly
Had tuned my soul to praise, would now depart.
But this could seem so for a moment only,
Surrounded as I was by bliss and light.
The shadows fled, e’en faster than they ’d risen ;
My heart was jubilant, my vision bright.

SCENE SIXTEENTH.



HEN, up the stream, I saw a group of
angels

Who seemed to have some joyous task on
hand;

So I inferred from every gestic and movement,
Though what it was, I could not understand.

The Cherub, knowing what was in my bosom,
Anticipated my request, and said:

“We’ll go that you may see what they are
doing.”

The path, he chose, along the river led.

What glorious stream! Its waters, clear as
sunlight,

Flowed in a bed, o’erstrewn with sparkling gems,
Whilst the unnumbered radiant orbs of heaven
Flashed in its mirror-swells like diadems.

The angels greeted my good Guide, when
nearer

We came,—and me, as only angels do.

And whilst they with the Cherub spake, again I
The name "Immanuel" heard, by which I knew
That they, because they saw an earth-born being,
Were speaking of Immanuel's mighty deed,
How he through sovereign Grace and Love the
guilty
From the enthralling power of sin has freed.

I soon divined, wherewith, e'er we ap-
proached them,
The angels had been occupied; my mind
Discerning this when 'long the strand I noticed
A row of gems of the most precious kind.
Such vivid colors, such intrinsic beauty,
Man never witnessed in the choicest stone
The Orient ever furnished; these reflected
The light, as though in each a Sirius shone.

While thus I viewed with joy and admiration
The gems upon the shore, I heard my Guide:
"Not these of heavenly jewels are the brightest;
See those o'er yonder, still more glorified."
With this he pointed farther up the river,
Where I beheld a pyramid of glare,
So bright, so manifold in tinge and luster,
That nothing earthly could therewith compare.
"These gems, less pure"—I further was in-
structed—

"The angels, by their innate power and skill,

Will raise to highest brilliancy and beauty,
And give them tone, according to their will."

I closely watched the angels, whilst they
finished
With marvelous dexterity and ease
The many-colored gems; and every moment
I saw their hue and brilliancy increase.



SCENE SEVENTEENTH.



MOST wonderful is man's device and
knowledge—

His power of mind—the skill of his
deft hand.

What he on earth already has accomplished,
What yet awaits him, who can understand?

He with the subtle force of fire, in matter
The chain asunder breaks which atom binds
To atom; turns the solid into liquid,
To vapor even, till eye no substance finds.
Then, what erewhile beyond the power of vision
Was raised, again produces,—leads it through
The vaporous state, and liquid, back to solid;

And changes thus its nature, form and hue.
But greater is the potency of angels
O'er heaven's pure nature ; they evolve and mold,
Not matter gross, but her most hidden forces,
To forms of beauty bright and manifold.

I watched the angels closely whilst the forces
Of heavenly substances they new combined.
But, as a child may see, and comprehend not,
So what I saw o'erreached my grasp of mind.
Though this seemed clear: from out the radiant
 sunbeams
They crystallized the hues, so wondrous fair,
Wherewith they glorified the heavenly diamonds,
Till like the orbs o'erhead they seemed to glare.

As thus upon these gems I gazed, and mar-
 veled,
The Cherub said : "Quite strange it seems to you
That angels can transform the lucent sunbeams
To diamonds of the most transcendent hue.
But let me tell you that, had man not fallen
From the estate wherein he first was placed,
Whereby his powers of mind were much en-
 feebled,
The predilections of his soul debased,
He, too, might glorify the lower nature
Of earth,—as of the angels you behold.
If—though his mind a wreck, his soul a discord—

He ne'ertheless has power to remold
The grosser forms of matter ; how much greater
Might his achievements be, if from the clod,
Untarnished by the stain of sin and error,
He would have risen to the light of God."

Again there swept, though for a moment only,
A shadow through my soul. "Even here," I said,
"Surrounded as I am by bliss and glory,
It pains me when I hear of sin ; I dread
The thought. Does it disturb the joy of angels
When they behold what sin and death have
wrought
Upon the earth ; how to a fair creation,
And God's design, it desolation brought?"

"It ne'er can weaken"—was the Cherub's
answer—


"The joy of holy beings, when they view
The ruin sin has wrought upon the earth-star,
'Neath God's dominion, who beforehand knew
That all things would contribute to the glory
Of sovereign wisdom. Therefore, when they see
The power of sin and darkness, they assured are :
More glorious will the last great victory be
Of King Immanuel, when every creature,
In heaven and earth, and in the nether world,
Will bow the knee unto the Lord of Glory,
And all apostates into th' pit be hurled."

With fervency the mighty Cherub uttered
These words; I never saw his face so bright,
His visage wore an aspect most triumphant
And with unwonted keenness flashed the light
Of his undaunted eye. My heart was thrilled,
My soul enkindled by his ardent flame;
The shades had fled for aye, and my whole being
Exulted in Immanuel's glorious Name!



SCENE EIGHTEENTH.



INCE from the cliffs of Patmos the lone
Seer,
A-standing on the pinnacle of time,
Looked down through the dim vistas of
the future,
And there beheld in all her heavenly prime
Jerusalem the New, the habitation
Of God's own chosen people, eye ne'er gazed
Upon a scene so bright and soul-exalting
As now before my wondering vision blazed.

Prince Michael's capital was built of diamonds,
But such as only in the heavens are known.

In purest white these,—others in most varied
And rich-harmonious blending colors shone.
The temples, palaces, and angel-mansions,
With which the gorgeous avenues were lined,
Were so diverse in form and decoration,
As ne'er could be conceived by human mind.
More luminous than burnished gold at noon-
time,
A-flashing 'neath the day-star's lucent beam,
Shone the great jewel-domes, the gem-wrought
columns,
The thousand pinnacles in varied gleam.

“Most beautiful I always deemed high
heaven,
The home of holy angels,” I exclaimed ;
“But this surpasses far man's keenest vision,
Or what in his dull language might be named.”
“The grandeur you behold,” the Cherub an-
swered,
“Is angel-wrought; but creatures can not rise
To beauty absolute, in their conceptions ;
This, Deity alone can realize.”

Wide avenues from every point of com-
pass
Led toward the center, while on either side
There flowed a stream of purest lymph, o'er-
shadowed

By life-tree groves in fullest bloom. My Guide
Conducted me along a gem-built pathway.
So lucid were the stones on which I trod,
That I, in looking down, beheld my image,
And underneath, the gleam of a pearly clod.
The angel-groups along the way saluted
Us, as we passed, with friendly gest and
 mien;
And lovingly their eyes shone down upon me,
So beautiful in their angelic sheen.

“What glorious edifice? what mighty castle?”

Thus I exclaimed with rapturous delight,
As grand and wondrous fair there rose before me
A palace, which in its resplendent light
And towering altitude surpassed all others
Within the angel-city. I was told:

“This is Prince Michael’s heaven-aspiring
 palace,

Where you Immanuel’s glory shall behold.”

I listened to these words with rapt attention,
My eyes fixed steadily upon the light
Of the great palace-dome, which on a terrace
Erected stood, the city’s choicest site.

It was begirded by a wreath of gardens,
In which the most delightful flowers bloomed
Among life-giving trees, and crystal fountains,
Whose silvery spray above the branches loomed.

Our path led through these ever-blooming gar-
dens,
Where many angels I beheld, whose cheer
Welled forth in strains of gladdening Allelujahs,
That filled with joy the heavenly atmosphere.



SCENE NINETEENTH.



TO while beneath the ever-teeming life-
trees,
That flourish only in the land of light!
No mortal tongue can tell the glowing rapture
It bids the soul enjoy, and pure delight.

“You, too, may taste this fruit,” I heard the
Cherub,
When I looked up, and saw how fair it gleamed
Through the rich foliage and tender blossoms,
As once in Eden it for man had teemed.
And scarcely had these words the Cherub ut-
tered,
When I perceived an angel drawing nigh—
It was the self-same one who’d brought the
garment—

Who with a gentle voice and loving eye
Spoke thus, as from the tree he plucked and
gave me :

“Partake what once for man in Eden grew,
Ere he gave ear unto the wily Tempter,
And of transgression the disaster knew.”

Since from the earth the tree of life was
taken,
Naught can be found in the terrestrial land,
That with the fruit could be compared the
which I

With joy received out of the angel's hand.
Although my soul was happy ere I tasted
This heavenly fruit, the joy within my breast
Became unbounded now ; so that no longer
The high ecstatic tides could be repressed.
I, who on earth had raised my voice so seldom
In song—though through my bosom often rang
Melodious strains—I could inthrall no longer
The joyous impulse of my heart. I sang—
Sang of Immanuel and his redemption ;
How he through all-prevailing Love and Grace
Had burst the galling chains of sin and Satan,
And from their doom released a fallen race.

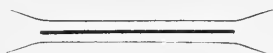
But wonderful ! when the nigh-standing an-
gels—
And small was not their number—heard the song

Of one, redeemed from death and dark oppression,
They gathered from all sides, a listening throng.
And when I'd ceased, he, who the fruit had given,
Came near, and said: "We gladly hush our voice,
When the redeemed extol so great salvation,
And in Immanuel's glorious name rejoice.
Our songs rise up to God through all the heavens;
But when the Lord's redeemed, mysterious-sweet,
Exult in dying Love, with deep deference
All angels high, such glorious anthems greet."
These words were followed by profoundest silence;
And then anew I heard the angels' song,
Thewhilst the Cherub led through fragrant gardens,
Toward the great dome, the purling stream along.

Again I raised my eyes, then being distant
Not more than a thousand paces from the wall
Of the bright palace-dome. I gazed and marvelled!

Of all, that man on the terrestrial ball
Erected has: the pyramids of Egypt,
The palaces of Babylon and Rome,
The marble temples of far Ind, the towering

Cathedrals of his new-found, western home ;
 If all, what these include of cast and grandeur,
 Could be embodied in one edifice,
 'T would still in nowise be a rival structure ;
 Yea, almost infinitely grander this !



SCENE TWENTIETH.



WITH joyful expectation I ascended
 The diamond steep which to the por-
 tal led.

We entered ; and a hall in gorgeous beauty,
 Pilaster-lined, before my vision spread.

'T is vain for finite mind to try to image,
 Or human tongue to tell what here I saw
 In halls and corridors, in gem-wrought parlors,
 In keeping all with beauty's highest law.

Throughout the rich apartments angels min-
 gled,

Of which—I was informed—the most had come
 From other worlds of Michael's realm ; and even
 From principalities afar ; and some
 Had visited the earth, the home of mortals.

I also learned that kin there is and race
Among the angel-host. As one, by noting
In man the form and color of his face,
Can well discern his family, tribe, and nation ;
So 'mongst the angels which the palace thronged,
One readily could tell to what dominion
And principality each one belonged.

When halls and corridors we'd passed full
many
We reached a portal, built of purest pearl,
Which led into a vast rotunda, where I
Beheld a fount whose lymph in constant
whirl
Twelve sparkling streams shot upward into
vistas
That touched the distant empyrean. "This,"
The Cherub said, "is Life's e'erflowing fountain ;
For holy beings, source of purest bliss."
Twelve other streams poured from the golden
basin
Into the gardens, and the life-trees fed ;
Thence 'long the avenues, as I had witnessed,
When my good Guide me through the city led.

From all directions I saw angels enter
The great rotunda, and approach the fount.
Some drank, then went away ; but many others
I saw as with the currents upward mount.

“For angels, and for man who in the image
Of God created is, this fountain flows,”
Thus said my Guide ; then dipping full a chalice,
Drank of the lymph, and toward the heights
arose.

I followed his example, took the chalice
And drank of heaven’s pure stream. A new-
born life

Flowed through my deepest soul, that in an
instant

My powers of mind with energy were rife
As I had never felt before. And keener
With every moment waxed my strength of eye,
So that—what I had ne’er anticipated—
All things appeared as if a-drawing nigh.
What I experienced no human language
Can ever tell, nor man’s best science know.
I felt, a being new create, my spirit
With aspirations and high bliss aglow.

Then quickly with the rising flood I fol-
lowed

My Guide, who in a golden portal stood.
“We are ascending,” he informed, “that you may
Experience high heaven’s unbounded good.
On the first stag you saw the living fountain,
Which puissance imparts to mind and eye ;
The second you’ve attained, the angel cities
To view, which at your feet now lie.

Five stages more of spirit-heights await you ;
 In each shall be increased your vision's zone.
 When in ascending we have reached the seventh,
 You'll stand in view of King Immanuel's
 Throne."



SCENE TWENTY-FIRST.



BEFORE me lay the glorious angel-city,
 A wondrous sight ! as I had never seen.
 Not simply street by street I comprehended,
 But all the mansions fair in one vast sheen.
 Then to the third elevation we ascended,
 And ever clearer grew the realms of light.
 A wonder new filled me with exultation ;
 The angel-world it was, in garb most bright.
 Its mountains, valleys, seas, and charming rivers,
 Its bright, palatial cities, far and nigh.
 I saw them all—a gorgeous panorama—
 In marvelous distinction passing by.

I still was contemplating the fair landscapes
 And cities, when again my Leader chose
 To take me by the hand ; and with him quickly

To the fourth elevation I arose.
The light increased—with it, my power of vision ;
And suns and systems loomed up myriadfold.
“The principality”—I was instructed—
“Of the Archangel Michael you behold !”

Upward again the heavenly Cherub bore me,
And into the immensities I gazed.
A radiant galaxy of constellations,
Vast stores of light before my vision blazed,
And like the rolling waves upon the ocean,
Thus ever new world-billows came in view,
So far, and yet so near. In gorgeous sections
They bounded on, and on, whereby I knew
That I beheld the seven great world-creations
Whereof I'd been informed. No finite mind
Can grasp the magnitude, the august grandeur
Of all these principalities combined.
The universe it was in all its vastness,
Which I in space's wide dominion saw.
Long time I gazed into the wondrous light-
realms,
And evermore it filled my heart with awe.
Then I remembered what my Guide had promised
That I from heaven above the earth should see ;
Though not in sun-born light. The Cherub
knowing
My thoughts, said : “When we've gained the
sixth degree

You shall behold the earth, the home of
mortals."

With this remark, he bore me upward through
Unmeasured heights—though that they were not
space-heights,

As in a sun-realm, I most clearly knew.

Again the worlds and systems blazed be-
fore me,

So clear within my vision's widening range.

And ever new ones crowded up, then onward

The constellations swept in mystic change.

Soon I saw Sirius and flaming Rigel ;

Then in the far beyond there rose a sun

In radiant brightness. Ah! it was the day-star

Of earth, which quickly my attention won.

Then Jupiter loomed up ; the ring-world Saturn ;

And then the earth, man's home, swept into
view.

I saw it with its continents and oceans,

Its mountains, valleys, rivers—though I knew

Not how it was ; and turned to ask my Leader,

Almost o'ercome by great astonishment.

"No *here!* no *there!*" the Cherub said, "you
see it ;

And seeing what you longed for, be content."

SCENE TWENTY-SECOND.



WHO can describe the joy, the sweet emotion

That filled my heart, as I beheld the earth,
Man's habitation, home of those that
loved me,

And cherished dear my life, e'en from my
birth?

And suddenly I felt an ardent yearning
To see the dear ones I had left behind.

And swiftly over mountain, plain, and valley
My vision swept, those whom I loved to find.

And there they were! I seemed to be so near
them,

Or they to me; and yet they did not know
That I was viewing them from heights empyreal,
In other than the sun-orbs radiant glow.

But only for a moment I beheld them,
Then, while I thought, they vanished from my
sight.

A group of beings next claimed my attention,
Who looked so shy, and seemed to shun the light.

“Who are those darksome beings?” I inquired ;

“They seem nor men nor angels, and their eye Betokens naught of good.” The Cherub answered :

“They are of those who, from their station high,
With Satan fell ; now in the dreary desert
They wander to and fro, a-seeking rest.
Their only joy—and that to all true pleasure
Is death—is to aggrrieve those God has blessed.”

Then toward the fiendish group I saw
a-coming

Two angels, clad in most transcendent white.
The demons, when they saw the heavenly
guardians,

Quick turned aside, as though in greatest fright.
My eye with pleasure followed the two angels,
Who toward a lowly cot pursued their way.

There on a humble bed in darkened chamber,
'Midst weeping friends, a dying Christian lay.

A Christian verily ! for life eternal

Glowed in his soul. The angels neared the couch
Unknown to all, except the saint departing,

Who, one bright moment, noticed their approach.
A radiant smile burst from his heart, enkindling

His eye—then I beheld his soul arise,

His inner self. The angels quick enfolded

And bore him toward the gates of Paradise.

I noticed many souls along this highway,
Borne all by angels toward fair realms of light ;
But others, too, whose course was ever down-
ward,

As though in dread despair and constant flight.
I followed them a little distance only ;
Then from the land of night I turned my eye
Toward Paradise, where I beheld a golden
Inscription o'er a pearly gateway high :

"Forever safe, who enters here !" A constant
Stream of pure souls passed through this portal
wide.

I gladly would have followed them, the better
To note how they apportioned were inside.

"The place where souls await the consum-
mation,

When the Almighty will create anew
Man's home, now desolate with dire trans-
gressions,

This you at the appointed time shall view.

Now to the highest pinnacle of glory

A creature can attain, we will ascend ;

Where you shall stand before the King of
Heaven,

The wonders of his might to apprehend."

SCENE TWENTY-THIRD.



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THEN up again, through realms of sheeny
luster
The Cherub rose ; and lower—so it seemed—
The seven vast world-creations sank, and
'neath me
Like a revolving, light-filled circle gleamed.

“I note the heavens, the vastness of creation ;
But nowhere in the all-embracing zone
Do I behold what you, forsooth, have promised :
Immanuel, the King, upon his throne.”
Thus I to my good Guide, who gave me answer :
“By clouds encompassed is the radiance bright
Of King Immanuel’s throne ; the world-creations
Could ne’er endure the power of God-born light.”

I raised my eyes toward the direction given,
And there beheld a globe of blazing sheen.
'T was not a world ; for as I gazed and marveled,
To infinite dimensions grew the scene.
And as fair Luna fades when in his glory

The garish King of day ascends the throne,
Thus vanished all the beaming world-creations
Before the light that from above me shone.
I also noted that the suns and systems
Which in the circling world-creations glowed,
Shone not in their own light, but with the luster
That from this shrine of pristine glory flowed.

Was I raised toward the light?—was it de-
scending?—
I could not tell; one thing alone was clear:
What my good Guide had promised: highest
heaven,
Abode of purest bliss, was drawing near.

What language can describe the deep emotion
That filled my throbbing heart with raptur-
ous glee,
As thus the Light of heaven shone down upon me,
Wherein I Lord Immanuel should see!
And ever brighter grew high heaven's efful-
gence,
Till I beheld a portal opened wide—
So it appeared—which stood in radiant splendor.
The majesty that shone from the inside,
Was so o'erpowering that my courage failed me,
And faint in heart I sank upon my face.
Just then a seraph touched my hand, imparting
New strength, enabling me to joy in grace

Which to poor fallen man accords the honor,
God's presence to approach. With my good
Guide

I entered highest heaven and bliss, ascending
Past shining multitudes on either side.

O heaven! who can depict thy wondrous
glory,
The majesty that crowns thy every height,
The God-born sheen before which every luster
Of earth and day sinks into deepest night!
Who can describe thy joys, the constant pleasure,
The ecstasy that here fills heart and soul!
And thee, Immanuel, thou glorious Sovereign,
Source, Life and Light and End of the vast
whole!

Who can enumerate you, high-born spirits
Before the throne of God in bright array,
Ascribing majesty and praise and power
To the Eternal One, for aye and aye!
Though I could paint with hues of morning
sunlight,

And were to me the skill of angels given,
I ne'er could image what my eyes encountered,
As with my Guide I entered highest heaven.
If ne'ertheless, I speak of gold and diamonds,
Of rainbow-tints and earthly harmonies,
It is because these are of forms the fairest
With which the heart of man acquainted is.

SCENE TWENTY-FOURTH.



INFINITE seemed the luster-filled extension,
Embracing in its sheen the farthest zone
Of circling worlds. Above, in seven-fold grandeur,
A high-arched, sun-built rainbow shone ;
And underneath—it was of heaven the center—
Upon a gem-wrought throne of dazzling white,
I saw Immanuel, the glorious Sovereign,
The everlasting Fount of Life and Light.
I saw him as of old the holy Seer :
His countenance shone as the sun on high,
In all-surpassing loveliness and beauty ;
More wondrous, was the luster of his eye.
The crown upon his brow was gold and diamonds—
But gold and diamonds as are only known
In highest heaven ; his robe, bedecked with
jewels,
Flowed from the shoulders to his feet, and shone
In radiant white ; upon his golden girdle

I read in living letters these great words—
Which filled my heart with awe and admiration:
“The King of kings, and Lord of all the lords !”

The broad foundations which his throne supported,
Were covered by a zone of densest cloud ;
From this the lightnings flashed thro’ all creation,
And thunder followed thunder, fierce and loud.
It was omnipotence, eternal power,
Which thus went forth, creation to uphold.
With every peal I saw the high-born spirits
Bend low ; and then an Allelujah rolled
Through heaven’s high courts, that the remotest
systems
Of th’ world-creations felt the joyous thrill ;
And every being through the endless heavens
With reverence bowed to do Immanuel’s will.

There I beheld the life-sustaining fountain,
A crystal sea, spread out before the throne ;
From which there flowed clear streams of living
waters
To joy and gladden the remotest zone.

Around the throne on golden seats, I noticed
The four and twenty Elders, clad in white,
Which once the Prophet saw, when to his vision
Were opened wide these realms of bliss and light.

They had attained first-resurrection glory,
So by the heavenly Cherub I was taught.
He also told me who they were, and how they
On earth for God and righteousness had wrought.
They were of those who faithfully contended
For truth and godliness, who often frowned
Upon men's praise, and rather chose affliction;
Now with reward eternal they were crowned.

There I beheld the Father of the faithful,
And Enoch, Moses, Job, and others more,
Who walked by faith in hope of the great
 promise,
But passed into the vale of death, before
Their joy was realized. The other Twelve were
The chosen of the Lord; who heard his call
To follow him, and then to preach the Gospel;
Save Judas—in whose stead I noticed Paul.



SCENE TWENTY-FIFTH.



TO view Immanuel, heaven's glorious Sov-
ereign,
The King of kings upon his dazzling
throne ;—

The Savior who on earth once bore the image
Of fallen man, the sin-curse to atone,
And then victoriously to heaven ascended ;
To view him in the form of God and man,
Surrounded by the hosts of high-born spirits,
And clothed with majesty supreme ; who can
Describe the ecstasy, the heavenly transport
That fills the happy soul, so dearly bought,—
The glowing love which by his beaming presence
To ever new-enkindled flame is wrought ?
How long I stood and gazed, my soul enraptured,
I knew it not ; days, years, aye, centuries might
Elapse—as time upon the earth is measured—
Without perceiving it : so grand the sight !

His eyes were toward the home of man
directed,
The eyes of King Immanuel from his throne.

Again the lightnings flashed in all directions,
And brightly through the world-creations shone ;
Again I heard the thunder's voice, the power
Of God, which to the universe gave birth ;
Again the Allelujahs of high heaven
Arose in praise of Mercy's work on earth.
I stood and gazed, my marveling heart enraptured,
Then mingled with the great seraphic throng ;
And with their sweet, ecstatic Allelujahs
I jubilantly joined my triumph-song.
And as I sang, He turned his eye upon me.
O ecstasy of bliss ! O joy supreme !
No human language can describe the rapture
That filled my soul ; an overbounteous stream
Of blessedness flowed through my inmost being,
As I had never realized before,
Not e'en when of the life-tree fruit I tasted
In lower realm. I could withstand no more,
And started to kneel down before my Sovereign.
Just then a seraph rose and spread his wing
Across my field of vision, gently hiding
The bright irradiance of the Heavenly King.

Then I perceived him slowly coming toward me
With widespread wings. What did the wonder mean ?
Howbeit, soon I noticed why he did it ;

A cloud-film which had served my eyes a screen,
Was by the seraph's gold-fringed pinions broken,
And for a moment I beheld the Light
Of the Eternal God in such effulgence
That it o'erpowered at once my heart and sight.
I closed my eyes, too weak for such high glory,
And sank exhaust upon the Cherub's hand;
Then all was void. How long this syncope
lasted

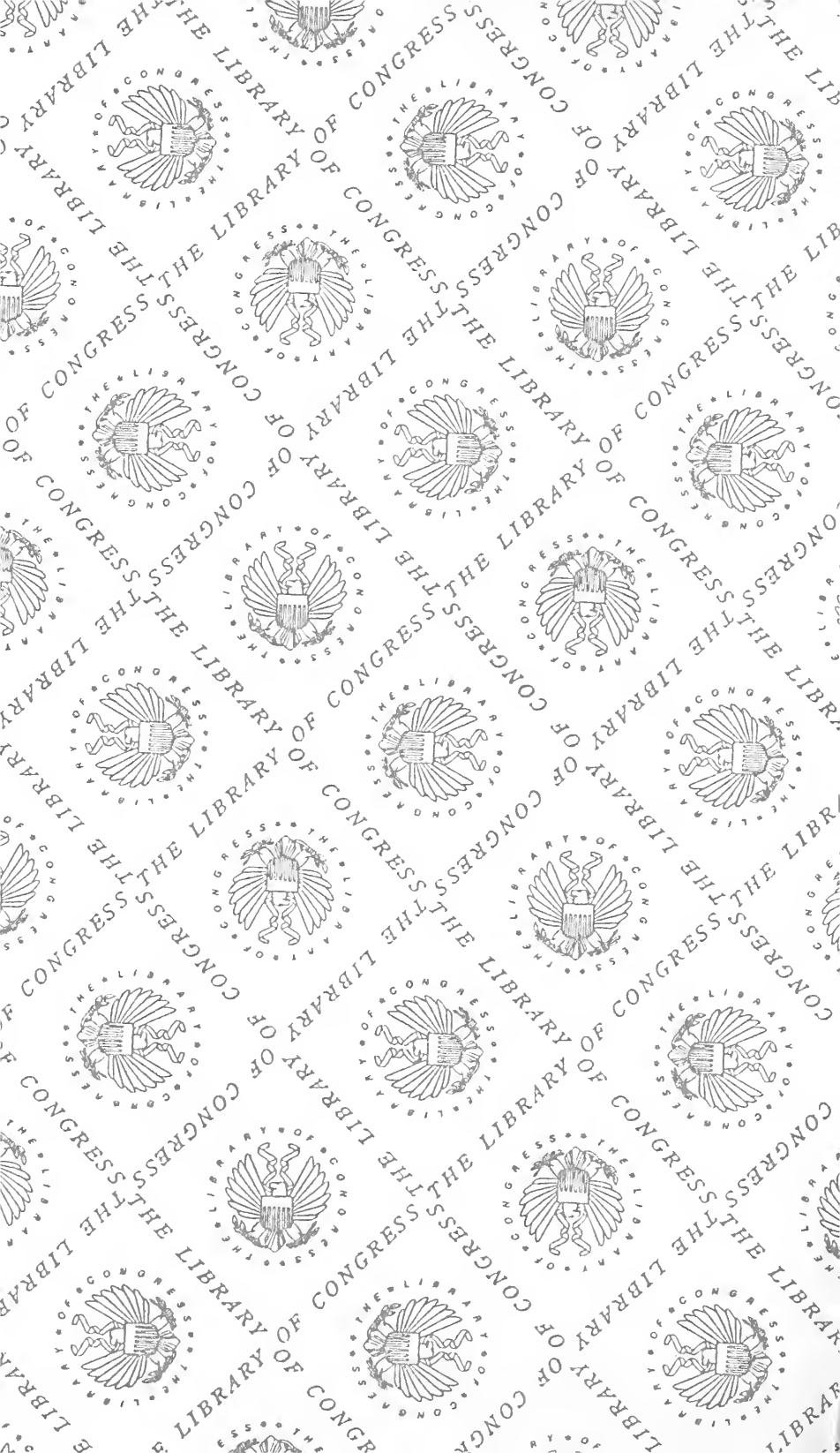
I do not know. When I again command
Had of my powers of mind, I felt the current
As of a stream; though it was not the force
Of wind or water which I felt. "Where are we?
And what is this that thus obstructs our course?"
I asked, amazed. The Cherub gave me answer:
"We are ascending the great stream of Time,
That you may view the works of the Eternal,
The world creations in their glorious prime."

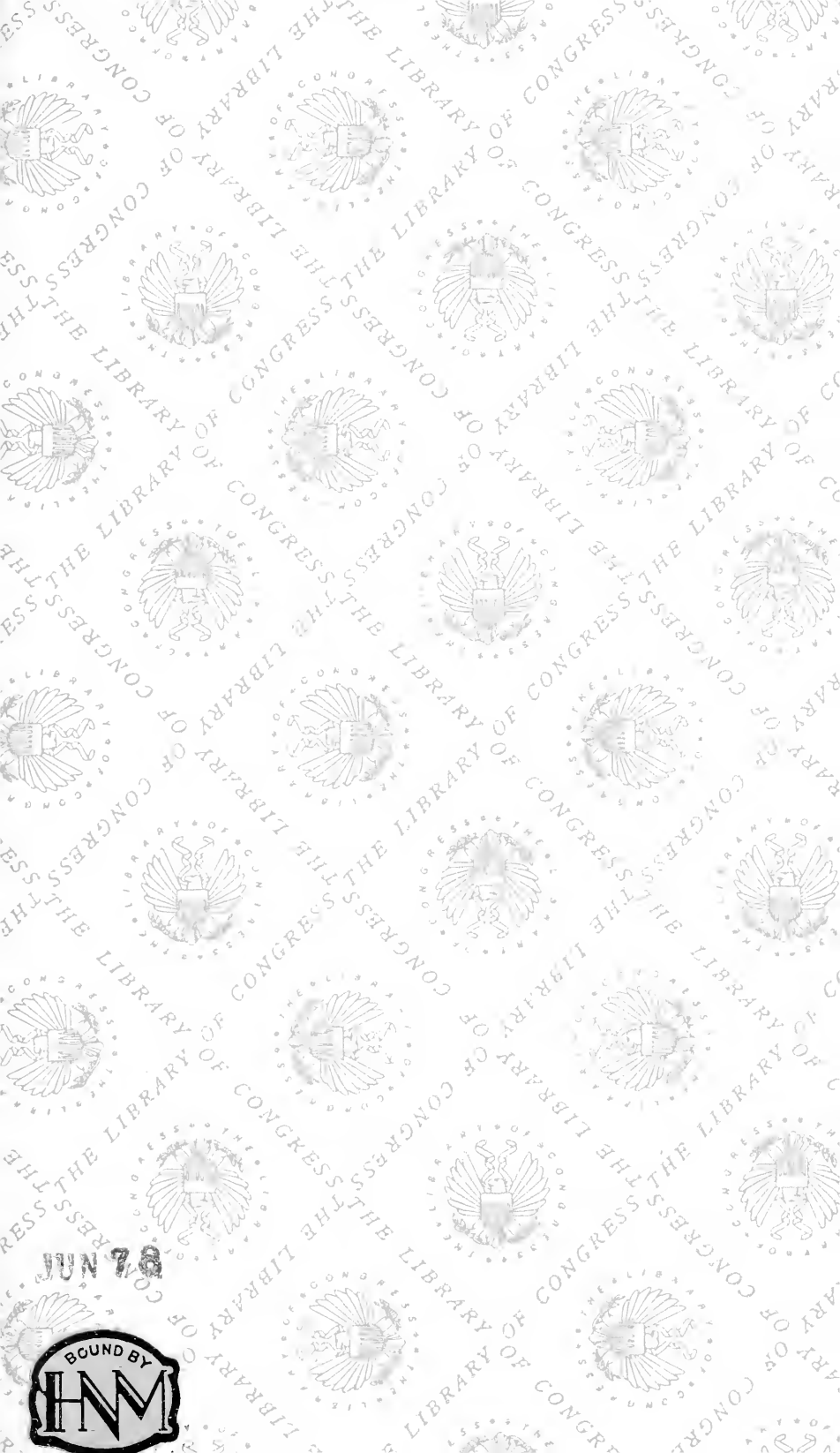


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